

## EVANGELINE, A TALE OF ACADIE.

*Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston.

This is an American poem, full of beauties of really indigenous American growth; and we hail its appearance with the greater satisfaction, inasmuch as it is the first genuine Castalian fount which has burst from the soil of America. The verse-writers who have arisen among our Transatlantic cousins have produced many very graceful and pleasing lines, and some animated and stirring strains: but still they have done little more than imitate favorite poets of the old country. Echoes of the notes of Mrs. Hemans, and in blank verse, of Mr. Wordsworth, have been the most poetic sounds which the western gales have brought to us. Nor are we surprised at this. Some persons, perhaps, would expect that the new conditions and prospects of man and of society in the United States should give rise to a new spirit in every branch of literature; but those who have reflected how deep in past history lie the roots of all literary excellence, will not expect that any thing of value can soon be produced by Anglo-American poets, which does not draw most of its life-blood from the ancient national heart, the English poetry of past ages: and though this is true of modern English poetry also, English writers seem hitherto to have more completely incorporated the historical life of the national mind into their being, so as to be ready to go on to new stages and forms of poetical thought and expression. However this may be, it cannot, we think, be denied, that the poetry hitherto published in America has been strongly marked with a derivative and imitative character; and that its beauties have been rather felicitous adaptations of the jewels of the English Muses than any new gems brought to light from the rocks of the Alleghanies or the sands of the prairies. To this general remark, we conceive the poem of Mr. Longfellow, now before us, to be a happy exception. Not only are the scenes and the history American, — an interest which belongs to many preceding poems (though quite as much to English as to American ones, witness *Wyoming*, *Madoc*, and *Paraguay*); but the mode of narration has a peculiar and native simplicity; the local coloring is laid on with a broad and familiar brush, and heightened frequently by livelier touches which “stick fiery off,” and light up the whole picture.

Indeed, if there be any general character of imitation in *Evangeline*, it is rather with reference to German than to English models. Some features of the story, or rather of the pictures, and of the mode of narration, bear so much of similarity to Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea*, that we cannot doubt Mr. Longfellow to have derived suggestions and impulse from that exquisite poem. Nor is it at all an unworthy course for an American poet, to take for his model the most perfect of domestic epics, the *Odyssey* of the nineteenth century, — the poem more likely to be familiar with our grandchildren than any other which the past generation has produced.

There is, as we have said, a considerable similarity in several of the pictures of *Herman and Dorothea* and of *Evangeline*. In both we have the details of a simple rural life, and the loves of dwellers in small towns presented to us; and, perhaps, the little village of Grand-Pré, in Acadia, “on the shores of the basin of Minas,” had a closer resemblance in its names to the Rhine valleys, than could easily be found in England in modern times. In both the German and the American poem, the rural population is disturbed by the inflictions consequent upon a wide-wasting war; — that of the end and that of the middle of the last century. In both, the trials arising from this calamity bring into view the strength and beauty of the heroine's character. But in the course of the two stories there is a wide difference. In the German poem, it is the wanderings of the exiled villagers which bring Herman and Dorothea together; and after a few impediments and trials of temper, the narrative ends with their betrothal. The American legend commences with the betrothal ceremony of Evangeline Bellefontaine, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and Gabriel Lajeunesse, her neighbour, “the son of Basil the Blacksmith.” Immediately after this event the lovers are separated by the public calamity of which we have spoken; and the rest of the poem is occupied with Evangeline's faithful endeavours to rejoin her lover, whom, after many years, she finds, only to tend him on his death-bed. This story, it will be readily imagined, interests rather by the successive scenes and traits of character which it presents, than by the progress of the action, which is only the general progress through a life of sorrow to the repose of the grave. Indeed, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Long-

fellow had found the history of his villagers consummated by some of the more ordinary and vulgar forms of earthly happiness; that we might have been left, as in the great German poem to which we have referred, with a cheerful impression at the end. However, we have no doubt that Mr. Longfellow has merely represented the facts; and he, probably, considers that the solemnity and resignation which hang

about the catastrophe are more truly poetical than it would have been if the pair had been left to "live happily ever after."

The description of *Evangeline* at the outset of the poem tells us how fair she was on week-days, by means of several rural images: and that she was still fairer on Sunday morn, when,—

Down the long street she pass'd, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child through long generations.  
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walk'd with God's benediction upon her.  
When she had pass'd, it seem'd like the ceasing of exquisite music.

The description of *Evangeline* after the calamity of her people, her father being dead and her lover lost, is naturally of a deeply saddened

cast. The exiles were scattered to various quarters: —

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wander'd,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suff'ring all things.  
Fair was she and young: but, alas! *before her* extended,  
Dreary, and vast, and silent, the desert of Life, with its pathway  
Mark'd by the graves of those who had sorrow'd and suffer'd *before her*,  
Passions long extinguish'd, and hopes long dead and abandon'd;  
As the emigrant's way o'er the western desert is mark'd by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

We have taken the liberty of marking one sluggish passage in the versification, and one somewhat ungraceful repetition of phrase. We must trace poor *Evangeline* to her concluding

phase, when she had sought her Gabriel through long years, amid the tents of Moravian missions, or the camps of hostile armies, in towns and in hamlets, and all in vain: —

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
Leaving behind it broader and deeper the gloom and the shadow.  
Then there appear'd and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

As we have already intimated, this melancholy progression is, perhaps, likely to be felt as oppressive by common readers. But all, we think, must be pleased with the vivid pictures of rural scenes and incidents, which have generally a

highly picturesque local character. Such, for instance, are these fine expressions which describe the Mississippi, where the exiles, among other dreary wanderings, roam, —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scatter'd bones of the mammoth.

In another place, the descent of an American river is described, with its scenery: —

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands where plume-like  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current;  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the whimpering waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.

Many of the peculiar traits of American external nature come out in the way of images of internal feelings; as in the following beautiful

simile, descriptive of the sad and indistinct forebodings of the exiles at a particular period of their wanderings: —

As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
*Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,*  
 So at the hoof-beats of Fate with sad forebodings of evil,  
 Shrinks and closes the heart ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

Such images as these, so applied, are real additions to the ancient stock of poetical wealth.

Again, we must give another fine prairie scene:—

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending;  
 Full in his track of light, *like ships with shadowy canvass,*  
*Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,*  
 Stood a cluster of cotton-trees with cordage of grape-vines.

We have, perhaps, given sufficient specimens of the peculiar picturesqueness of this poem. Of the story, after what we have said, it will hardly be expected that we should give extracts. We may quote a passage where Evangeline,

with her guide, Father Felician, once more discover their old friend, Basil the blacksmith, transformed into an opulent herdsman in the southern part of the course of the Atchafalaya:—

Just where the woodlands met the flowery *surf* of the prairie  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
 Sat a herdsman, array'd in gaiters and doublet of doeskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.

Basil—for this was he—informs Evangeline that his son Gabriel, sorrowful and restless with the memory of her, had set out a few days before on a voyage up the river down which she had descended. It appears that they had missed each other only by taking opposite sides of one of the islands which lie in the river. The marring the happiness of the lovers by a mere acci-

dent like this (for, as we have said, their terrestrial happiness is finally marred) is felt by the reader as a perverse and vexatious stroke of Fortune, or of the poet, as he ascribes it to the one or the other. Evangeline, however, is lured on by her hopes, and by the influences of nature, to follow the track of her wandering lover:—

"Patience!" whisper'd the oak from oracular caverns of darkness;  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Again, we have beautiful and characteristic descriptions of the scenery through which the journey lies; a picture of an Indian camp, where a Shawnee woman repeats the tales current in her tribe; a visit to a Jesuit mission, where it appears that Gabriel had been only six days previous; finally, however, the trace of the wan-

derer is lost. After years of grief, Evangeline becomes a Sister of Mercy in Pennsylvania. A pestilence falls on the city. Among the sick and the dying she finds one whose aspect calls from her a shudder and an involuntary cry. It was Gabriel,—

Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
 Kiss'd his dying lips, and laid his head in her bosom.  
 Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All is over, and Evangeline is left to her meek resignation. The tomb of the lovers still exists, unknown and unnoticed, the poet tells us, in the heart of the city of Philadelphia.

We have given such specimens as our space allowed of the pictures of rural life and scenery, which are the peculiar charm of this poem; the reader will find many others of equal beauty. But in taking our leave of the poem here, we cannot help remarking the great advantage which Mr. Longfellow has derived from his use of the hexameter. This kind of verse has the privilege of liberating the poet from the conventions of the usual forms of versification, which cling so closely to modern writers, especially in

descriptive poetry, and deprive them, in a great degree, of the simplicity and truth of reality. The images so presented seem as if they came fresh from nature. Moreover, this kind of verse requires, and in Mr. Longfellow's hands has, an idiomatic plainness of phraseology, which approaches to the narratives in the book of Genesis, and which prevents the most trivial details of ordinary life from being mean or ridiculous. In this respect, also, Mr. Longfellow has most happily followed Goethe, and many of his descriptions ring in our ears as echoes of things which are told of Herman's "good intelligent mother," and "the host of the Golden Lion." In general, Mr. Longfellow's hexameters are good. They



have, without doing any violence to the pronunciation, the mixed trissyllable and dissyllable flow, which is the character of this kind of verse.

We might, however, mark a few violations of this essential condition; for instance, in this line, —

Whēnēvēr neighbours complain'd that any injustice was done them.

Whenever is a bad dactyl; for the ordinary pronunciation (taking the accented syllable for the long syllable, which, of course, is what we

must do) is certainly *whēnēvēr*.

In this line: —

Loud, and sudden, and near, the note of a whip-poōrwill sounded.

Whip-poōrwill sounds somewhat strange to our ears as a dactyl, but this may be from our want of familiarity with the mode of pronouncing the word practised in its native country.

We might notice a few more such negligences, for so they appear to us; but we wish rather to

take our leave of Mr. Longfellow, with the expression of the pleasure we have received from the story of *Evangeline*, and of our hope that we may have from his country — and why not from him? — other strains of the same music.

— *Fraser's Magazine*.

## BOYD'S BOOK OF GERMAN BALLADS.

*A Book of Ballads from the German.*  
By PERCY BOYD, Esq. Dublin: James  
McGlashan, D'Olier street. 1848.

We suppose there is no other way of accounting for the phenomena which our recent poetical literature presents, namely, the preponderance of excellent translations over original compositions, except by attributing these results to the universal and all-embracing hospitality of our countrymen, who, though nearly destitute of the common necessities of literary existence for themselves, still contrive to welcome the wandering children of foreign literatures with entertainments, to which the banquets of Apicius, or even the "noble feast" of O'Ruark himself, were but as the "rations" of a poor-house. Generous and hospitable fellows that we are! while we shudder at the sweet, mournful echoes of our own traditions, as at the wail of the banshee, or, in the philosophical scepticism of the age, disbelieve in the existence of both, we listen with open ears and palpitating hearts to the first breathing of some foreign melody, to which distance lends its ever-potent enchantment. We lapse into credulity out of respect to the Brocken, and warm into momentary rapture to compliment the Rhine; and some of us who would send the poor old "fairy woman" (the banshee) to the station-house — the "good people" to the public works — and the phookah, or even O'Donoghue's white horses, to a carstand! — introduce the Walpurgis witches to our drawing-rooms, and consider the Wild Huntsman as the most delightful of table companions.

Well, it is better, perhaps, that it should be as it is. It is better, perhaps, that our legends,

our traditions, our memories, our national idiosyncracies, should utterly die out, and be replaced by a hardier race, than that they should preserve their vitality at the expense of that respect to which LIFE is entitled, and wanting which annihilation is a boon. Better that their destiny should resemble the fate of the American Red Men, disappearing surely but slowly, and with touching dignity, from their ancestral forests, than that they should increase and multiply but as the objects of scorn, of laughter, or of gain, like the poor despised children of Africa. We have complained of the manner in which our own legends — the materials of a true, vigorous, national literature — have been neglected. We have still greater reason to complain of the manner in which they have been partially used. With but few exceptions, our novelists, our dramatists, our literary tourists, our essayists, our poets, our historians (a few well-known and highly-valued antiquarian writers excepted) — all have treated our most gray and venerable traditions, and most sacred names, in such a spirit of levity, of heartless mockery, and wretched banter, as to render them almost unfit for the serious purposes of a lofty and ambitious native literature. They use them but for the exhibition of that ghastly "fun," which is now so much the rage, or the play of their own bounding humor — much after the manner of the boys at Glendalough, who have converted St. Kevin's Cathedral into a ball-court! This being the prevailing tendency of most of our writers, it is, perhaps, fortunate, that while few among them attempted to raise any permanent memorial of their own genius, or added much to the literary riches of their



country, by original compositions of importance, many of them were the means of introducing to the notice of their countrymen, the "interesting foreigners" we have spoken of above; which, if they are often too dreamy and fantastic to serve as models for the rough, simple heartiness that should characterise our native poetry, indicate to us, with sufficient clearness, the mental activity and national pride that exist in other countries; and while silently upbraiding us for our inactivity or incapacity, may spur us on to exertion and imitation. Not to speak of the earlier writers at the beginning of this century, such as Lord Strangford and the Rev. Henry Boyd (the latter the namesake, and, we believe, the near relative of our author), whose several translations from Camoens and Dante were then so popular — need we call to mind the versatile and wonderful Maginn, the scholar, the wit, the humorist, the poet, the politician — yet squandering recklessly, and, indeed, uselessly, on ancient themes, and modern trifles, and party politics, and denationalizing squibs, talents and acquirements that might have placed him second only to Swift on the muster-roll of our literary giants? Need we mention the gay, the witty, the accomplished "Prout," happily for *Pro Nono* and the *Daily News* (and for Ireland too, we trust), still breathing the inspired air of the "Eternal City," whose genius, as if in scorn of the easy triumph of successful English versification, boldly enters the lists, now with Anacreon or Horace, now with Beranger or Parini, and meeting them with their own weapons, comes off unconquered with wreaths and plaudits from the circus. Let him not, however, forget "the pleasant waters" of his native river. The simple ballad in which he has united for ever his own name with that of the "Allua of Song," will be recollected, when all his clever imitations and successful classicalities will be utterly forgotten.

The next of our eminent writers whose name occurs to us, is Dr. Anster — more celebrated, perhaps, than either of the former, as a translator. He has, as every one knows, the rare merit of having produced the best translation of the most world-famous poem that the human intellect has produced since the "*Inferno*," namely, the "*Faust*" of Goethe. His work is one of, perhaps, the only four really good, correct, yet spirited translations of lengthy foreign poems, which English literature possesses; the other three being Coleridge's "*Wallenstein*," Cary's "*Divina Commedia*," and Rose's "*Orlando Furioso*." We confess, however, that some of his own smaller original compositions have for us a far greater charm than his more celebrated translation; and had we any influence with "the good people," we would implore of them to play him some

such trick as is recorded in his own exquisite little ballad of "The Fairy Child," but with a difference. We would have them substitute a strong, hardy, vigorous, healthy offspring of his own genius, for the strange, supernatural, though beautiful being he has adopted, and on whom he has lavished so much of his care and affection.

Of Clarence Mangan it is scarcely necessary for us to say any thing in this place. Our readers have known him long, and we believe estimate him at his proper value — as, indeed, the public generally seem at length inclined to do, if we are to take the following tribute from a friendly but judicious critic, as its slowly-matured decision on the subject: — "We fear not to say that, in power of versification, variety of rhythmic arrangement, melodious combinations of phrase, vigor of thought, and force of expression, Mr. Mangan is unequalled by any living writer." \* This is high praise, in which we cordially concur. We may, however, be permitted to express our admiration and wonder at the spontaneity of his genius, as well as its richness and profusion. Month after month he twirls his poetical kaleidoscope, as if it required no effort but the shifting of his fingers to produce those ever-changing forms of the beautiful and the grotesque in which he delights to indulge. He seems but to breathe on the strange quaint legends and wild melodies of distant lands, frozen up, as it were, by the frosts of a hundred dialects, and lo! as if of their own accord, the foreign harmonies break melodiously on the startled ear, like the tunes in the bugle-horn of Munchausen! If we had not seen him in the flesh, if we had not shook his delicate hand, and been held by "his glittering eye," like the wedding-guest by the Ancient Mariner, so miraculous seems his acquaintance with all tongues known and unknown — so familiar does he appear with all authors, dead, living, and unborn, that we would be strongly inclined to suspect the respectable and prudent publisher of this magazine of having secured, "at an enormous expense," the reversion of the *Wandering Jew* from M. Sue, now that that famous personage must live by his wits, after being despoiled of all his funded property by those terrible fellows, the Jesuits! However, as we have certified that Clarence Mangan, though unquestionably mysterious, is yet a reality, and not a myth, we can only account for this faculty, by supposing him under the influence of a species of etymological mesmerism, or poetical clairvoyance, before which all languages lie open — fortunately for dictionary-compilers and grammarians, no very common state of mind.

Mr. Mangan has impressed his name upon

\* *Dublin Evening Mail*, January 17th, 1848.

many a theme, indeed upon so many, that a considerable portion of them must inevitably sink in the river of Lethe, with those medals which Lord Bacon tells us bear the names of the generality of men inscribed upon them. But, fortunately for himself, he has also stamped his name on a few, and those principally his own creation, which we rest satisfied the swans of immortality, also mentioned by the same authority, will rescue from the oblivious flood, and bear to the Temple of Fame, there to be consecrated for ever.

Before proceeding to the beautiful volume which it is our present duty and pleasure to notice, we shall briefly allude to one other language, perhaps more "foreign" to the most of us than any of those already mentioned, from which valuable translations have been recently made — we mean the ancient language of this country. In this important department of our literature, several writers have acquitted themselves with great credit to themselves, and advantage to their country. The late Thomas Furlong, Mr. Dalton, the historian, and others, in Hardiman's valuable work on the ancient minstrelsy of Ireland: Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, also deceased; Mr. Mangan, and Mr. Edward Walsh, in other publications. But there is one writer who has so preëminently succeeded in this particular department, that we cannot refrain from making particular mention of him — we need scarcely say we mean Mr. Samuel Ferguson. Although, to us at least, the principal charm of this gentleman's translations consist in their being conceived, moulded, and expressed in the old spirit of this country, to readers of English literature generally, they possess a merit which will be more generally appreciated — namely, their extreme novelty and originality of sentiment, as well as idiom. Discarding the vile gibberish which, from the days of "Lillibulero" to the present hour, is imposed on our fellow-subjects "in that part of the United Kingdom called" England, as genuine, racy, Hibernian phraseology, in noble disregard of the "cheap and nasty" mock nationality to which we have alluded, and which consists in false spelling, exaggerated mispronunciation, and treasonable grammar, he has given us in correct English, such as Swift or Southey might have used — a style of poetry which, as far as British literature generally is concerned, is perfectly new, and which, in this country, like the blood of the Geraldines, is more Irish than the Irish itself.

Thus having passed in review the several writers who have distinguished themselves in our recent and current literature as translators, we now come to "the Herr Boyd" himself, if we may be permitted to use the language of our author's fair visiter at Heidelberg, as recorded

in the lively and pleasant preface to his volume. And first, as to the volume itself. Its external and internal embellishments, its pictorial illustrations, its floral capitals and rustic borders, are all executed with great elegance and care, and reflect the utmost credit, as well on the liberality of the publisher, in projecting, as on the taste and skill of the artist in carrying out the work. As to the binding, we would be at a loss for some suitable comparison, if Lord Byron had not, very good-naturedly, supplied us with one, in his description of the cohorts of the Assyrian — "gleaming in purple and gold," or, still better, that exquisite picture of the casement of the Lady Madeline, as given to us by John Keats: —

"A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
All garlanded with carven imageries  
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device  
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings."

And such, dear reader, are the covers of the volume before us. From what has been already stated of the number and merit of the translators who have preceded Mr. Boyd — and we have only mentioned a few of those more immediately connected with this country, to the exclusion of Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Merivale, and many others — our readers will perceive that a new candidate for public favor has certain difficulties and prejudices to overcome, before he can obtain a fair and dispassionate judgment upon his efforts. If he breaks new ground, and attempts to introduce a novel or original style, he will be pronounced presumptuous or eccentric. If he follows in the wake of others, no matter how sweet or perfect the harmony of his versification, he will be condemned for feebleness or imitation. If, as is the case in a few instances in the present volume, he offers a new version of some poem already fixed in the memory of his readers, and familiarized by an earlier English dress, it will be judged of in most instances, not by its closeness to the original, but by its remoteness from that with which the public ear is familiar. Mr. Boyd, however, both in the ballads translated by other writers, of which he gives a new rendering, and in the still greater number which, for the first time, are introduced to the English reader in his volume, can bear the strongest test, and the most stubborn prejudice to which, as we have stated, a new writer must be exposed. Old favorites, indeed, he will not displace; but many will be delighted to hear the strains to which they have been accustomed to listen with delight, breathing from a newer instrument, which, if less powerful or variable than the old, is uniformly more correct in its utterance, and generally



more simple and harmonious in its modulations.

The first poem which we shall extract from Mr. Boyd's volume, is one that will recall to many of our readers the happiest and purest moments of their existence. When, perhaps, under circumstances somewhat similar to those so touchingly described by the German poet, their hearts first imbibed the sacred knowledge of God's Holy Word — moved by the divine precepts of the New Testament, as well as by the idyllic beauty of the Old.

It may be hung up in the memory-cabinet of those who recollect the exquisite picture with which Lamartine opens his "*Voyage en Orient*," of the fine old Bible of Royoumont, which had engravings of sacred subjects in all the pages, and to the early perusal of which, at his mother's knee, he attributed the religious direction of his tastes and intellect in after-life. "There was Sarah, there was Tobit and his angel, there was Joseph, or Samuel; above all there were those fine patriarchal scenes, where the solemn and primitive nature of the East was mingled with every act of that simple and marvellous life which was led by the early men." Now let our readers compare the companion-picture by Freiligrath: —

"THE PICTURE BIBLE.

"Hail to thee! time-worn teacher,  
Friend of my childhood's days;  
How oft, by dear hands open'd,  
Thy page has met my gaze —  
When from his pastime turning,  
The boy, in glad surprise,  
Has seen before him burning,  
The blaze of Eastern skies!

"Wide hast thou flung the portals  
Of many a clime, I ween,  
And on thy picture-pages  
Are dreams of beauty seen.  
Thanks! that a new world greeteth,  
Through thee, my wondering eye;  
The palm-tree and the desert,  
And camels gliding by.

"'Tis thou hast brought them near me,  
Sages and seers of old,  
Whose lives inspired prophets  
In burning words have told.  
And I see young, graceful maidens,  
Of face and form divine,  
Like dreams of rarest beauty,  
Upon thy pages shine.

"Then come the patriarch sages,  
Men of the hoary head:  
And as they pass, bright angels  
Keep watch upon their tread.  
Their flocks — I saw them drinking  
From the river's crystal-flood,  
As wrapt in noon-day musing,  
Before thy page I stood.

"E'en at this hour I see thee,  
Though years have passed since then,  
With thy pages open lying  
On the old arm-chair again,  
With beauty, fresh and changeless,  
Thy pictures still are bright;  
As when I first bent o'er them,  
With all a child's delight.

"Once more I am beholding  
Those forms grotesque and strange,  
Their color hath not faded,  
Their beauty cannot change;  
For every well-known picture,  
By the artist's cunning wrought,  
And every bud and blossom  
Is with holy meaning fraught.

"Again I stand entreating,  
Beside my mother's knee,  
And she tells once more the meaning  
Of each quaint mystery;  
And my gray-haired father near me,  
As I bend my eager brow —  
Methinks, still gently smiling,  
I see the old man now.

"Oh, times! old times! forever  
Pass'd like a vision by,  
The Picture-Bible gleaming, —  
The young believing eye;  
Those dear old parents bending  
O'er the boy so young and gay;  
The true and trusting childhood,  
All, all have passed away!"

There is scarcely any thing more characteristic of the German ballad than the delicacy with which the moral of the poem is conveyed. It is not appended or attached to the body of the narrative, and separately labelled, as is generally the case in English with fables and didactic pieces. It forms an essential and integral portion of the composition, although, perhaps, concealed till the very end, when it gives a new and unexpected meaning to the poem, and serves as a key to the entire. In the English and Spanish ballads, variety of incident, strength of passion, and picturesque accessories, both of locality and costume, are generally what are looked for and found. The story is told for its own sake, and relished for its incident and sentiment. In the German ballads, it is true, many are of this kind, but many of them, also, have the peculiar characteristic and charm to which we have alluded, and of which the poem we are about to quote presents a favorable example. In this ballad (which would not form an ungraceful little episode in "*Paradise and the Peri*"), the precise manner in which, we conceive, English and German poetry of this kind agrees and differs, is pretty clearly displayed. An English writer, treating this subject, would be very likely to use the same machinery, introduce the same incident, and paint the same result — but only so far as the disappointment of



the poor loving soul, and the inconstancy and infidelity of human affections were concerned. He would scarcely introduce the new and beautiful truth with which the German poet finishes and perfects his work, and which, like the glance of Nora Creina, "with unexpected light surprises!"—

"THE POOR SOUL.

"A spirit once lay sighing  
Beyond that dim unknown,  
Where through long years of penance  
The souls of mortals groan.

"And still,' sighed the poor spirit,  
'A thousand years of pain  
I'd live, could I behold once more  
Mine own dear love again.'

"From heaven an Angel floating,  
With wings as white as snow,  
In his arms took up the Spirit,  
To heal of all its woe.

"In gentle accents speaking  
Full of sweet peace and love  
'Come with me, hapless Spirit,  
To Heaven's bright realms above.

"But the mournful Spirit answered,  
'I'd pass a life of pain,  
Could I revisit only  
The bright green earth again.

"A thousand years of penance  
In torture I would dwell,  
To see for one brief instant  
Him whom I loved so well.'

"A glance of tender pity  
In the Angel's eye had birth,  
As he bore the weeping Spirit  
Again to the green earth.

"Beneath the broad, cool shadow  
Of the waving linden-tree,  
I know mine own love wanders,  
Still sorrowing for me.'

"When they near'd the ancient lindens,  
Where the pleasant waters flow,  
There sat her heart's beloved,  
But he loved another now.

"For 'neath the waving shadows  
Of their ancient trysting-place,  
A gentle maid reclining,  
Was locked in love's embrace.

"Then, through the hapless Spirit,  
Sharp pangs of sorrow thrill;  
But the bright Angel gently,  
In his dear arms held her still.

"And higher still, and higher,  
They winged their way above,  
Until they reach'd the portals  
Of heaven's bright halls of love.

"Then sighed the Spirit, weeping,  
'I cannot enter there;  
A thousand years of penance  
'Tis yet my lot to bear.'

"A smile benign and tender  
O'er the Angel's features stole,  
As he gazed with heavenly pity  
On the fond and hapless Soul.

"'Poor Spirit! all thy sorrows,  
Thy woes, are o'er at last—  
*In the torture of one moment,  
Thy thousand years have passed.'*"

Another not unusual excellence in the German ballads is, the graceful manner in which the story is conveyed to the mind of the reader, rather by inference than by direct narration. In English ballad poetry, generally, except that of the highest order, the incidents are given too much in detail; by which means, while the memory and attention of the reader are overstrained, his imagination is left totally unemployed. This is particularly the fault of young writers, who, being more fortunate than the "Knife-grinder," in having "a story to tell," go as far back for the beginning of their subject as a Welsh genealogist for his ancestor. They manage these things better in the fatherland, as the following pathetic and simple little ballad will satisfactorily prove. In it how many delightful glimpses do we get of by-gone and happier visits over the Rhine, made by the three friends, under the pretence, indeed, of drinking the "rich wine of Asmanshauser," for which the little inn was famous; but drawn thither in reality, though unconsciously, by the love which each of them nourished in his heart—a secret almost as little known to himself as to his companions—for

"THE LANDLADY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

"O'er Heidelberg's old castle  
The morning sunbeams shine,  
As journey forth three students  
Across the silver Rhine;  
And they come to a small hostel,  
Where, in the time of old,  
Rich wine of Asmanshauser  
The good Frau Wirthin sold.

"We know the juice is famous  
Which from thy grape is press'd,  
Come, then, a flagon give us,  
Frau Wirthin, of thy best.'  
'High in the mantling brimmer  
The rich wine sparkles red;  
But she whose eye was brighter—  
My gentle child is—dead!'

"Then forth into the chamber  
They took their mournful way;  
Where, like a fair flower wither'd,  
Frau Wirthin's daughter lay:  
And the foremost on her gazing,  
As he marked her pale cold brow  
Said, 'Maiden, ah! I knew not  
How I loved thee until now!'

"When the second saw her lying,  
Calmly as one that slept,  
He turn'd him in the chamber,  
And bow'd his head and wept.  
But the third, before replacing  
O'er her couch the funeral veil,

Bent down, and kissed the maiden  
Upon her lips so pale :  
'To thee the dearest homage  
I gave, which heart can pay ;  
Stern Death may take thy beauty,  
But not my love — away !'

This poem is illustrated by one of the best and most characteristic engravings in the volume.

But it is not alone in the gentle cadence of these ballads of the heart that Mr. Boyd has succeeded ; he is, perhaps, even more felicitous in conveying the stronger and more vigorous language in which the German poet expresses

the yearnings of his own heart, of his country, and of his age, for "Freedom and Right." It will be perceived, that in the "Garland of Glory," wherewith the coming time is to be adorned, "the Shamrock of Erin" is not forgotten. May it be a true prophecy !

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

(FREILIGRATH.)

"Oh, think not she sleepeth with those who have perish'd  
In dungeons unnumber'd, by Tyranny's sword ;  
In the hearts of the free shall her dear name be cherish'd,  
Though their lips are forbidden to utter 'the Word.'  
Yes ! though lone exiles, by mountain and valley  
They wander, uncheer'd by lost Liberty's light,  
There's a pulse in the heart of the Freeman to rally,  
While Freedom still liveth, and with her the Right.  
For Freedom and Right !

"Till Victory's sunburst shall flash o'er our standard,  
No check must impede us — no danger affright —  
But, with courage redoubt'd, the first in the vanward,  
Our war-cry will thunder, 'For Freedom ; — for Right !'  
These twin ones, the holy, have come, born of heaven,  
To earth, by a path track'd in colors of light ;  
To the Right let the honors of Freedom be given,  
To the Free be the glories ascribed of the Right.  
Hail ! the Freedom ! the Right !

"Let this, too, inspire us — they never were flying  
From fight unto fight, more exulting than now ;  
And the souls which have longest in bondage been lying,  
Are stirr'd with the rapture of Liberty's glow.  
Oh ! let but one ray of that meteor of wonder,  
Burst in through the darkness of slavery's night ;  
And like magic the bonds of the serf are asunder,  
And the chains of the Negro are rent at the sight.  
The Freedom ! the Right !

"Yes ! your banner of crimson floats broad in the vanward,  
The nations have gather'd to see it unfurl'd ;  
For the motto emblazon'd on Liberty's standard,  
Is the death of oppression, that Right rules the world  
What a halo of glory, O God ! they shine clear in,  
Like a garland hung over that banner of might ;  
There is Germany's oak and the shamrock of Erin,  
And the olive of Greece in that garland of light.  
The Freedom ! the Right !

"Though many a heart that now throbs shall be lying  
In peace, its last slumber and rest will be light ;  
And over their graves shall that standard, far flying,  
Tell how they fought for 'The Freedom, the Right !'  
To the memory, then, of the brave, the true-hearted —  
Fill up ! they have battled 'gainst tyranny's might ;  
Nor ceased from the struggle till life had departed :  
Hurra ! Right for ever ! and Freedom through Right !  
The Freedom ! the Right !

This noble ballad, which may be considered the cosmopolitan theory or creed of Freedom, is reduced to very intelligible practice, as far, at

least, as Germany is concerned, in another poem, which Mr. Boyd has also translated very spiritedly. Although we have already extracted

so largely from the volume, *this* one we must give as a practical commentary on the last:—

"THE RHINE.

"No; they shall never have it,  
The free, the German Rhine!  
Though, vulture-like, to rend it,  
With talons fierce they pine;  
So long as gently floating  
Between its banks of green,  
A ship shall on the current  
Of that sweet stream be seen —  
No; they shall never have it!

"They shall never have it — never!  
The glorious German Rhine!  
While patriot hearts are bathed  
In its generous purple wine;  
So long as the broad shadows  
Of tall cliffs o'er it gleam;  
So long as proud cathedrals  
Are imaged in its stream —  
No; they shall never have it!

"No; they shall never have it,  
The free, the German Rhine!  
While round its graceful maidens  
The arms of strong men twine;  
And while one fish within it  
Springs glittering from the deep;  
And while soft midnight music  
Shall o'er its waters sweep;  
No; they shall never have it,  
The German Rhine's free wave,  
Till its sacred tide is flowing  
Above the last man's grave."

Such of our readers as would wish to compare Mangan's version of this celebrated song with the foregoing, will find it in the number of our Magazine for October, 1841; it will amply repay the trouble of the search.

Having expressed *our* opinion of some of Mr. Boyd's predecessors in the pleasant region of translation, and given to our readers a few of the fruits of his experience, and the results of those principles by which he has been guided, we think it only fair that he should be allowed to express his own opinions upon these matters in his own words:—

"Most of the translations with which I am acquainted," says Mr. Boyd, in his preface, "are, in my humble judgment, either too literal or too obscure. In some, the original is followed—word for word, and line for line—with an accuracy 'so excruciating,' that the sense is diluted, and the poem rendered perfectly distasteful to the English reader. Literal translation, especially in poetry, I hold to be impracticable, and the worst of all translators those who pride themselves the most upon a strict adherence to the original: in others, the original is lost sight of altogether, new thoughts and new images are introduced, always to the detriment of the piece; and—with the exception of the poems of Schiller, which have been translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, with a fidelity and a beauty

which cannot be surpassed, and can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulty of understanding this Author—most of the translators have fallen into one or other of these errors.

"In this volume, it has been my endeavour to avoid both extremes. Whether the attempt is fated to be successful, remains to be decided. The object of a translator ought to be, to express himself as nearly as possible in the words which the poet would have adopted, had he been writing in the language into which the translation is made. I do not pretend to intrude these poems on the public as literal translations, but I have not marred their beauty by introducing thoughts which they do not contain. He who would translate well, ought, after reading the poem, to close the book, and then, having reflected upon the subject, endeavour to clothe the ideas in the language into which he translates; if he is able to adopt the cadence and the rhythm of the original, so much the better.

"It is the opinion of Schlegel that verse translation should be nearer than paraphrase, but less close to it than metaphrase. I quote from memory, but this is the sum and substance of that great critic's maxim; it is, at all events, that by which I have been guided."

Without stopping to question the accuracy of this quotation from Schlegel, which, however, sounds to us more like one of the oracular dogmas of "glorious John," the English translator of Virgil, than the matured opinion of that great German translator as well as critic, whose own rendering of Shakespeare and Calderon might be termed metaphrastic, if, owing to the inferiority of the English to the German language as a medium of translation, we had not become habituated to connect a want of spirit and poetic harmony with this phrase. Without dwelling on this particular observation, we beg leave to express our dissent from the too-sweeping condemnation which our author has passed upon literal translations. Even in the English language, with which he had principally to do, and which, from its comparative want of flexibility and copiousness, presents very great difficulties to the translator as well from the ancient classic languages of Europe, as from the modern Italian, Spanish, and German, we think the attempt has been made with complete success. If Mr. Boyd will look into the translation of 'Ariosto' by Mr. Rose, already mentioned, he will find the "soft bastard Latin" of the Orlando "done into" very legitimate and literal English, without any of that "excruciating" torture which he conceives the process necessarily demands. Even the old translation by Harrington, which, however, does little more than preserve the outward form of the original, is better than that by Hoole, which seems written in accordance with the rule laid down by our author, and which to all, ex-



cept the "mere" English reader, is awfully and tremendously unendurable. The attentive perusal of Mr. Rose's work, side by side with the original, has convinced us that English translators have indolently exaggerated difficulties that industry and a due reverence for their subject might have overcome. Instead of reproducing some great foreign work for the admiration of their countrymen, with the coloring and shading, the proportions, and the perspective of the original, they have adopted a new standard altogether — changed the character of the composition, and altered its tone, much in the way that a Chinese painter would copy a Canaletti. And thus we have "elegant mistakes," like Pope's

Homer — painted or gilded casts from the antique, instead of bronze or marble facsimiles. In German, which, Mr. Boyd must be well aware, is so rich in translations, conscientiously and scrupulously literal, the very reverse of the rule laid down in his preface, would seem to be the one that guided the great masters of translation in that language. However, as Mr. Boyd's practice is so much better than his precept, and as "the right to differ" is not exclusively the privilege of Irish politicians, we shall not further press our own views upon the subject, but take leave of our author and his very beautiful volume, with the following lively poem from Goethe: —

"A LAY OF CHRISTMAS.

I.

"We cheerfully sing, and inscribe our glad lay  
To the Lord of the Castle here seated,  
Whose grandson espoused a fair lady to-day,  
And the bridal-guests sumptuously fêted.  
In the late holy wars he won honor and fame —  
By splendid achievements emblazon'd his name;  
Yet, behold, when adown from his charger he came  
To his mansion, he found it as open as day,  
His property vanish'd, his servants away!

II.

"There you stand, noble Count; you are now in your home,  
And more comfortless quarters you scarcely could find;  
Through the chambers neglected the breezes may roam,  
And all through the casements loud whistles the wind.  
What now can be done on this cold autumn night —  
No servant attending — your rooms in sad plight;  
But patiently wait the return of daylight.  
In the meantime the moonbeams will show you where best,  
On some straw as a couch, you may lie down and rest.

III.

"There, seeking repose, half asleep as he lay,  
Something moves about under his bed;  
Perhaps a starved rat may be rustling his way —  
For a long time a stranger to bread;  
When, lo; issues forth a diminutive wight —  
An elegant Fay in a circle of light —  
Who, with action so graceful, and speech most polite,  
Thus addresses the Count, as he, drowsily peeping,  
Can scarcely be sure if he's waking or sleeping:

IV.

"Our festive assemblies we held in this place,  
When, your castle forsaking, to war you had gone;  
And as we all deemed that this yet was the case,  
We thought that our revels we still might hold on.  
So we plead now for pardon, and hope you'll agree  
To our giving a fete in good humor and glee,  
And feasting the bride of the highest degree!  
The Count, through his dream, as he lay at his ease,  
Says, 'Tis still at your service, whenever you please.'

V.

"In an instant, three horsemen, who rode on before,  
From under the bed leave their station;  
Next follow a singing and musical choir,  
Comic elves of this miniature nation;

While coaches and chariots came rolling along,  
Till the eye and the ear were confused with the throng,  
And it seemed as a Queen to the castle had gone;  
At last came a splendid gilt carriage,  
With the bride and her suite to the marriage.

## VI.

"Alighting, they enter with rapid galope,  
And around the saloon take their places;  
To waltzes and polkas they joyously hop,  
With partners who dance like the Graces.  
There they pipe, and they fiddle, and tinkle, and play;  
They spin round in circles, so noisy and gay,  
And they rustle, and bustle, and prattle away;  
Then the Count, more bewilder'd than ever, now deems  
The whole the effect of his feverish dreams.

## VII.

"Thus they clatter, and chatter, and frolic in saal,  
Amid benches and tables all prancing;  
Till the banqueting-room offers welcome to all,  
And supper succeeds to the dancing.  
The dainties so magic, are sliced so fine;  
With roebuck, and wild-fowl, and fish from the Rhine,  
While goblets go round of the costliest wine;  
And the festive enjoyments continue so long,  
That they vanish away at the last with a song.

## VIII.

"But here let us sing of what later took place,  
When the revelry ceased and the noise;  
How the pageant, devised by the frolicsome race,  
The Count now adopts and enjoys.  
So the trumpet is heard, with its musical strain —  
A splendid procession moves over the plain,  
With chariots and horsemen, a numberless train;  
All cordially joining, so happy and gay,  
To honor the nuptials we witness to-day."

*Dublin University Magazine.*

## NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN HOUSEHOLD ART.

### STATUARY PORCELAIN. — PARIAN. — CAST IRON.

It has been our reproach among the nations that we are not an artistic people. We may, if we please, mutter the name of Flaxman, and declare this a slander; or we may invent new canons of criticism, to prove that there has been no legitimate development of Art out of our own country. But a more candid course will be to admit that we are *not* an artistic people; or, if we be potentially, yet that "it hath not appeared." We may find some solace under the mortification incident to such an avowal, in considering the disadvantages under which Art has labored in this country. They have been many; but the most important has been the difficulty of popularising it, owing to certain conditions of our climate, religion, and social habitudes. In Greece and in Italy, manners, religion, climate, all combined to give popular interest to Art. If the metopes of the Parthenon had suffered from

no other cause than exposure to the atmosphere for two thousand years, upon the Acropolis of Athens, they would appear in a much more perfect state than we find them in now; and frescoes on the fronts of Italian palaces have borne the rains of three or four centuries, yet are fresh at this day. Greek temples were, as Italian churches are, shrines where the people bowed down and worshipped the work of the chisel or the pencil; and the streets, the squares of Rome and Florence, are, as those of Athens were, galleries of Art in its various developments.

In our own climate, marble and fresco do not bear exposure to the weather; and to introduce a picture into a church is regarded as a "removing of the landmarks" of purified Christianity. Art, therefore, is driven to asylums where it must be sought out; it does not obtrude itself upon us; and does not present itself in any of

those forms that necessarily give it a place in the mind and heart of the people. It must be introduced to them under some other conditions than served to popularise it in Southern Europe, if ever it is to be truly loved by them, and exert an influence upon them. It must adapt itself, indeed, to the genius and circumstances of the nation. Englishmen live by fire-sides; not in fora and piazze: they visit their churches to seat themselves in snug pews; not to wander about and make themselves cool with cold marble and dark shade. For them the huge fresco must be exchanged for the cabinet picture; and the colossal god must be dwarfed down into the lar. The Greek sculptor wrought for the Athenian people — for Greece — for the world — for all time: this he felt; and the inspiration was proportioned to such consciousness. The English sculptor works for Lord this or Lady that, whose flunkies will have opportunity to study his productions at leisure. The Italian painter wrought for galleries, through which a broad stream of life, swollen by tributaries from all parts of Europe, would be constantly pouring. The English painter works for drawing-rooms, muslined up during six months in the year, and open, during the other six months, to a "very select set," few among whom descend to the vulgarity of examining the "furniture" of the walls. How should English Art, then, attain to the excellence, the dignity, of Art in Italy and in Ancient Greece? When we think how the products of the patient labor of genius are destined among ourselves to be withdrawn from the world, we scarcely can wish, much less hope, that it should do so. The great works of genius are the treasures of the world, and belong to the abstract MAN as his own triumphs. It were better they should not exist at all, than that they should exist only for the few; for the latter alternative would be an outrage on the rights of the many.

Far be it from us, however, to assert that it is undesirable Art should advance in this country. We say only that it should be popularised, so that all should be benefited by its advance; and we believe that it is only by becoming a thing for the people that it can attain to the full excellence which English genius may be capable of reaching. But, we repeat, popularised it cannot be by the means which popularised it in Italy and Greece. In the South, the people live out of their houses, and have drawing-rooms and corridors in common, ceiled with the blue heaven, and called squares and streets. There they have their works of Art about them; works upon a *grandiose* scale, to suit with galleries so wide and lofty: works in which all have equal property. In England we live within doors;

the climate makes us domestic rather than social; our public ways are at once too busy and too dingy to encourage our converting them into galleries of Art; we have nothing in common but wood pavements and bituminous footways. We must have our pictures and our statues about us, — we must have them in our studies and our parlours. They help to make our rooms look comfortable.

But however sufficient artistic genius may prove, to meet the requirements of a people who club their wants, what amount would furnish supply where each individual makes separate demand? The desire must remain unsatisfied; the cost of production could not be so reduced as to put it in the power of all to gratify their tastes; nor could talent enough be drawn together to execute works of a creditable kind; unless the genius of a people, so differing in their requirements from the old creative nations, solve the problem by some new development of productive skill. We must manufacture Art.

The words do not sound well. They seem to involve an union of incongruities. But they would have sounded worse five years ago. Since that time "Art Manufactures" have made great advance; and we may say of them now, in the same confidence with which we should speak of the future progress of science, that much greater advance are they destined yet to make. Some of the early essays were unsatisfactory, not only as being necessarily imperfect in execution, but as designed upon false principles. Such were the attempts at manufacturing Gothic enrichments for our churches, without regard to some essential proprieties of relation between material and the figures it was made to assume: as when particular forms of panelling, which were developments of the constructive capabilities of wood, were imitated, without modification, in cast iron, a substance wherein their significance was lost. But mistakes such as this, and a certain mechanical hardness in most early attempts at Art Manufacture, led many to too hasty a conclusion that there was a fixed incompatibility between Art in its higher sense, and the rapid processes of the manufactory.

A little reflection would have shown this conclusion to be unfounded; for we have long had an illustration of the powers of Art Manufacture in the various means by which pictures, reduced from color into light and shade, are multiplied *ad infinitum*. We are in the habit, and justly, of classing engravings in all its varieties — wood-cutting, lithography — among the Fine Arts; yet all these are but methods of *manufacturing* pictures.

Sculpture, too, has had its multiplying processes; but they have not been so satisfactory



as those that have illustrated painting. A material has been wanting. A bronze statue is a manufacture; but the difficulties attending casting in metal have prevented this from becoming to any extent a method of popularising Art. Casting in plaster has most nearly fulfilled for sculpture what has been accomplished for painting by the burin; but the cheapness and frailness of the material have prevented that value from being attached to the works executed in it, which could alone lead to their being prepared with the highest artistic care. Sculpture is even a more exquisite art than painting; the stainless purity of marble enhancing the idealism of poetic conception. But it is one with which, from its costliness, and the long toil necessary to its production, the public cannot be made so easily familiar, unless some more adequate means than have usually been employed, be resorted to for multiplying copies of its beautiful creations. A substance at once durable, of moderate cost, and possessing something of the fine texture and delicate purity of the Pentelic and Carrara stones, has been therefore a most important desideratum.

Very lately, a plastic composition which answers to these requirements much more nearly than anything previously in use in this country, has been applied to statuary purposes. We hail its introduction as opening the way to most important developments in Art: and believe that casting in "*Statuary Porcelain*," as an Art ancillary to sculpture, is destined to fill a place of like importance with that which engraving holds in reference to painting.

It is true that in the last century the execution of statuary in porcelain was carried to a high degree of excellence in the Sèvres manufactory. We have seen statuettes which were formed some sixty or seventy years back, more admirable in their modelling, and more marble-like, than any thing that has yet been executed in England. Such, for instance, was a Bacchus from the antique, about a foot in height, of which the material nearly resembled a close-grained marble which had borne some exposure to weather. The majority of the works of that period, however, though beautifully white, and perfectly free from the waxy look so common in the modern English figures, had somewhat too vitreous an appearance; and, unlike the porcelain works of this country, showed a perfectly vitreous fracture. The fact that the Art of forming such statuettes has long ceased to be practised at Sèvres, might abate our expectations of the results to arise from the opening of this branch of manufacture in England, did we not take into consideration the very different spirit of the times. If art and luxury at that

period were not withheld from the people by any absolute sumptuary law, yet their general diffusion was an object never contemplated; and there were no well devised systems of combination by which the poor might command in part the advantages of wealth. The precise cause of the decline of the Sèvres manufacture we shall not attempt to explain.

The first experiment in the new English material was made about two years since in Copeland's Porcelain Works at Stoke-upon-Trent; when a miniature copy of Gibson's Narcissus, one of the most poetic productions of English Art, was executed for the subscribers to the "*London Art Union*." The beauty of the texture and color of the artificial alabaster, and the artistic excellence with which the work was produced, obtained immediate acknowledgement; and the manufacture of statuettes and ornamented works, in the new composition, has since been actively progressing.

The statuary porcelain has not the snowy lustre of the Parian or Carrara marbles, nor the sugary sparkle of Pentelic: but it is as close in grain as either, and as smooth in surface; and has a pleasant light creamy tint; though the color varies a little in different specimens. In the best moulded works there is such an easy undulation of surface, so much sharpness without hardness in the more defined parts — as in hair, fillets, flowers — as scarcely to suggest the idea of a casting. The artist's own touches seem to appear upon the work.

And to some extent this is true. For besides that the separate portions of a figure have to be fitted together with the utmost nicety after they are taken from the moulds, the clay in other respects frequently requires to be wrought upon by hand before it can be committed to the furnace. Small parts may be ill-defined; the finger-tips, for instance, shapeless; portions of the surface rough; the joints of the mould traced upon the figure. These defects have to be remedied by a skilful modeller: a meritorious artist, who performs a part as necessary as the "*bringing up*" of a copper-plate or wood-block for the press. Some intervention of a hand under the direction of cultivated taste, will in all cases probably be requisite to confer on manufactures the character of Art.

A disadvantage which has hitherto attended most works moulded in a composition afterwards to be submitted to the furnace — the change of form incident to irregular shrinkage in the baking, or to settlement from the gravitating power of the moist material — has, by the skill of our present manufacturers, been, to a considerable extent, overcome. There is yet, however, and probably will continue to be, a good deal of

uncertainty; failures are frequent, from the clay cracking, or falling out of place.

Messrs. Copeland have already executed, in their new porcelain, statuettes, busts, figures of animals, vases, jugs, garden ornaments, and other works possessing artistic character. Among them may be instanced — a charmingly imagined "Ondine," from Pradier; — "Apollo as a shepherd," by Wyatt: a graceful figure, though by no means expressive of the intellectual grandeur of the god: the artist would have done better to have called it simply a Grecian shepherd; — "Paul and Virginia," by Cumberworth: a pretty group, treated with some originality and poetic feeling, though not with quite so much simplicity as desirable in sculpture; — an exquisite bust of Flora; — one of Jenny Lind, by J. Durham: pleasingly managed in the introduction of some flowers in the hair and drapery, and well executed; a likeness, though not a flattering one: — one also of Daniel O'Connell, by J. E. Jones: excellent in its portraiture, and in the workmanship of the head, but somewhat clumsily draped: this work shows in another manner the application of mechanical ingenuity to the purpose of multiplying works of Art, the miniature model having been reduced from the original bust by Cheverton's Reducing Machine; — a "Chained Cupid:" — the "Portland Vase." A piece, called the "Armada Bottle," shows in the most conspicuous manner, in the leaves and tendrils of the vine-wreath around it, the extreme delicacy of workmanship of which the material is susceptible. These foliated ornaments are of course fashioned separately by hand, and applied upon the moulded form. In a small bust of Shakespeare, we must object to the too exact rendering of the lace; a sort of trickery unworthy of Art.

The Messrs. Copeland are not without rivals in this new field of productive ingenuity; though to them belongs the merit of first having entered upon it. At the Porcelain Works of Minton and Co., in the same town, a similar material, under the name of Parian, has been employed with like success; and, indeed, to the latter firm we must award the palm as to the choice of subject, and, in the largest number of instances, as to the excellence of the modelling. Many of our readers have no doubt noticed in the shop windows, their miniature copy of Danneker's exquisite "Ariadne:" no piece of sculpture has been more caricatured, by clumsy modellers in alabaster and biscuit china; but the work now referred to, though not doing full justice to the Frankfort original, is still a charming little drawing-room ornament. Bell's "Una and the Lion," executed as a companion-piece, and modelled, we believe, to the miniature size, by the sculp-

tor himself, is more satisfactory, as regards the rendering in porcelain; whilst the design, though inferior to the German work for originality and poetic luxury of conception, is perfect for its grace, ease, and the air of idealised innocence imparted to the figure. Mr. Bell has been a very active contributor of designs to this and to other departments of Art Manufacture. His "Dorothea" is worthy of the lovely picture drawn by Cervantes, whose description no one with a fondness for Art can have read without wishing to see its embodiment in marble. We greatly prefer the reduced copy to the sculptor's full-sized original. The casts we have examined of these works are a little disfigured in parts by the marks of the moulds; and in the two former, particularly, the attachment of the arms just below the shoulders (these portions are cast in separate moulds, and afterwards united by the modeller) is disagreeably visible. The foregoing designs have been brought out under the auspices of Felix Summerly, the originator of the series of works in several departments of mechanical ingenuity, called the "Art Manufactures." Messrs. Minton and Co. have produced others unconnected with him, and which are equally deserving of attention. Of these we must particularize the beautiful groups of "Nami and her daughters;" — "The Guardian Angel;" — a "Madona and Child;" — "St. Joseph," and "The Annunciation." Among the humbler purposes to which the art has been applied at the same factory, is the embellishment of a beer-jug, from a design by Townsend, called "The Hop Story," and representing hop-gathering and cooperage. This is rich in effect, but the form is not elegant, and the cover is ugly. Redgrave's water vase, a very graceful design, is about to be executed in Parian. We should add that two beautiful statuettes of praying children, by Bell, of which we have seen imperfect exemplars, are nearly ready to be added to the subjects already issued to the public.

The "Parian" is somewhat whiter than the "Statuary Porcelain;" but from the limited number of specimens of each that have come under our examination, we cannot offer a decided opinion as to which presents the most marble-like appearance. The works produced at the same potteries vary in this respect; and some have rather an unpleasant, waxy aspect. Our first impression was in favor of Copeland's; but we have since been disposed to reverse that judgment. Much, probably, depends upon the amount of heat to which the works are subjected. Copeland's composition, however, seems less liable to flaw in the baking; and the works executed in his factory appear to be turned out



with the fewest superficial blemishes, caused by the joinings of the parts separately moulded, or by other causes. Still, Minton has produced the greater number of works of striking artistic merit. Very great praise is due to both; and their rivalry will lead yet, we doubt not, to important improvements. It is fair to mention that we have seen specimens formed of a new "body," (as their material is called by potters), produced by Messrs. Rose & Co. of Colebrookdale, which, if they can obviate an apparent tendency to too high a vitreous gloss of surface, is likely to surpass both the former. This composition they have named "Carraran;" but have not yet executed in it any works of merit sufficient to be made public.

Whilst we hail with much satisfaction an art which will supply us with "sculpture in little," we are sorry we cannot express unqualified approbation of all that has been done, or of all that has been attempted. Many instances have we met with in all departments of Art of strange perversions of taste; but none do we remember so ludicrously abominable as that which could cast a lace veil over the otherwise naked figure of Eve. So Bailey's sweet "Eve at the Fountain" has been treated at Messrs. Minton's pottery. "*Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici?*" It outdoes all that Horace could devise of incongruity. And we have "Rebecca at the Well," too, clad in a slip of purple lace, which sets off to advantage, the literally, snowy whiteness of her flesh; but then, beneath the slip, she has a petticoat, and wears a turban and slippers, and other articles of dress. She does not make a compromise (a very indecent one) between Almacks' and the garden of Eden. The naked Eve is purity itself; but the lace is suggestive of the drawingroom; and where attire is needed is quite insufficient. We have heard of an African queen sitting at the door of her hut, very jauntily attired in a cocked hat and a pair of Wellingtons, but without the due medium between these extremes. We recommend the subject to the modeller of the Eve, as calculated to furnish a companion-piece to the Honiton and fig-leaves.

We suppose the chief blame must be thrown on the ill-taste of the public, which can make such sins against propriety and common sense profitable to the manufacturer. The manufacturer must be expected to deal with Art in a mercantile spirit; and it may be necessary for him to pander to the perverted taste of his patrons, even to obtain means to bring forward its remedy. No doubt, the lace, imitating so exactly real lace, and suggesting infinite labor and most delicate workmanship, as necessary to produce it in such a material as porcelain, is calcu-

lated to win ready favor with the ladies. But might not a modern drawingroom bride — some figure not pretending to the character of Art — be modelled as the support to spread this article upon, instead of subjecting us to the humiliation of seeing our general mother clad in costly finery, which she could not have come honestly by. Let it be remembered, that when Eve was at the fountain, she had not been an hour in existence; and as she had not yet seen her husband, the net-work scarf could not have been a present from him. But, ladies, the lace is not formed with all the labor you suppose. It is made by dipping real lace in a solution of the porcelain clay; and the original threads are destroyed in the baking, leaving the earthy coating. After this information, you will perhaps attach less value to it.

The impulse given by the public demand for Art-manufacturers, at the same time that it has introduced the use of these new porcelain clays, has led to improvements in the casting of iron for ornamental purposes; and the Colebrookdale Company have lately produced works in this material that quite deserve to be admitted into the category of works of Art. The most successful experiments that have come under our notice have been directed to the representation of animals; and we can speak, particularly, of a stag browsing, and of a brace of partridges, as having all the truth of character and the skilful expression of the hair and feathers, that we find in the best sculpture of similar objects. Two goats, and a group of a lion and wild boar, are almost equally excellent. This art, too, will progress.

Attention was first turned to embellishing manufactures by the superaddition of Art. Manufacturing power already discharges the obligation. Art ornamented the beer-jug and the knife-handle; manufacturing appliances multiply statuettes. Here is a field of industry open, suited to the genius of the land. We have confessed that we are not an artistic people; but all admit our manufacturing skill; and did we hold a lower rank than is in reality the case, in respect to artistic talent, great results might, nevertheless, be expected from the coalition between Art and manufacturing ingenuity. For it must be remembered that the purpose of Art-manufacture is not invention but reproduction. Its special function is to put the beautiful within reach of the many; and for the attainment of that object, to select wisely and copy well is all that is important. We have already noticed the similarity of the offices to be fulfilled by engraving and by porcelain casting. Engraving is a fine art in itself; and yet the proportion of its works which include original design is very



small indeed. We cannot, however, feel that it is less important when it eternises copies of the fading Parma frescoes, than it would be should Signor Toschi present the world with a series of works wholly of his own invention; and so with the new art—for as a new art we must regard it—if it would do no more than give us well-executed copies of the best existing sculpture, we might well rest satisfied. If it should serve but to bring the people acquainted with those, it would be ploughing up a never-broken ground of feeling, imbedded in which may lie dormant seeds of taste and invention, to spring and flower where they find air and light.

But to say that we are not, or have not approved ourselves an artistic people, does not imply necessarily that we have among us no artistic talent; and in sculpture, certainly, we hold a fairer position than in painting. What has already been done in porcelain moulding shows that native original genius is at command; and to work for a public will be favorable to its development.

And an interesting question arises: What will be the extent to which these new means will be effectual in popularising the inventions of the artist? The cost of the porcelain casts is considerable, and must necessarily be so. Though the models and moulds are of course expensive, where many copies are produced, that original outlay would cease to be a consideration of much importance; but the fitting of the parts separately moulded, and the finishing of those which come from the moulds in an imperfect state, by the hands of artists who earn in that employment several guineas per week, together with the large proportion of casts which fail in the baking—(we understand that works in Parian are submitted to the fiery ordeal twice, and occasionally three times, from periods of from seventy to eighty hours each) necessarily cause the prices to be high, whatever be the numbers produced of any individual work; nor does there seem much prospect that the casualties, whether of the moulding or of the furnaces, can be rendered so much lighter, as in any material degree to reduce the cost. Statuettes, therefore, will not find their way into the laborer's cottage, and the ten-pound house; unless through such means as proposed by W. B. J., in his scheme for an "Art Manufacture Union," set forth in the last December number of this magazine. But among the middle classes, also, of society, Art has to be popularised; and it will fall within the means of most of those constituting these classes to have some specimens in their drawing-rooms or parlours. This is all we could expect. We must not hope at once to refine the tastes of the multitude to a high standard. They will receive indirect benefit, if no

otherwise than as the shop-windows serve, to a certain extent, as repositories of Art for them. The Ariadne and the Una, the Ondine and the Dorothea, the Guardian Angel and the St. Joseph, the Flora and the Jenny Lind, are not passed without notice by those even who have been little familiar with Art. The shop-windows do more than we are aware in the gradual and unconscious education of the eye, and refinement of the taste of the people.

We hope, however, to see Galleries of Art for the people, established on the plan proposed in the January number of this magazine;\* and into them some of the works we have been considering might with propriety be admitted. In the meanwhile, those who are friendly to the diffusion of Art among the multitude may do something by exerting any influence they may possess, to induce the introduction of works tending to refine the taste into the club-rooms, lecture-rooms, and other places frequented by artisans, (the reader may probably smile, and suggest gin-palaces), and into schools, no matter of what kind. The most rigid of our modern iconoclasts would scarcely object to the admission of the 'Guardian Angel,' or of Bell's 'Children Praying,' into a Sunday or Infant-school. To do so would but show that themselves needed the humanising influence of Art.—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.*

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A WARNING FROM EGYPT.—In ancient Egypt the plague was unknown. Although densely populated, the health of the inhabitants was preserved by strict attention to sanitary regulations. But with time came on change—and that change was in man. The serene climate, the enriching river, the fruitful soil remained; but when the experience of 2,000 years was set at nought,—when the precautions previously adopted for preserving the soil from accumulated impurities were neglected,—when the sepulchral rites of civilized Egypt were exchanged for the modern but barbarous practices of interment,—when the land of mummies became, as it now is, one vast charnel-house—the seed which was sown brought forth its bitter fruit, and from dangerous innovations came the most deadly pestilence. The plague first appeared in Egypt in the year 542, two hundred years after the change had been made from the ancient to the modern mode of sepulture; and every one at all acquainted with the actual condition of Egypt will at once recognize in the soil more than sufficient to account for the dreadful malady which constantly afflicts the people.—*Mr. Walker on the Metropolitan Grave-Yards.*

\* We take this opportunity of noticing an Erratum in the paper referred to, page 73, line 5, from the bottom: for "Panton-street," read "Hemming's-row."

## THE ART OF ANGLING.

1. *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland.* By THOMAS TOD STODDART. Edinburgh and London, 1847.
2. *A Handbook of Angling; Teaching Fly-fishing, Trolling, Bottom-Fishing, and Salmon-Fishing.* By EPHEMERA. London, 1847.

The Art of Angling has for a length of time been among the most highly favored, and most assiduously pursued, of all our British sports, and any contributions which tend either to explain its theory, or improve its practice, cannot be otherwise than welcome to a piscatorial public. It is pleasant to read about angling during wintry weather, when close-time and the fear of water-bailiffs debar the uses of the rod; and when the remembrance of bright and balmy summer days, all past and gone, and, it may be, the anticipation of still more genial seasons yet to come, throw a radiance even over the surrounding actualities of frost and snow — the imagination of the "Contemplative Angler" being, at the same time, no doubt, considerably enlivened by the sparkling presence of a steady though consuming fire.

That the study of works on angling during the other seasons of the year, — the genial spring, the sultry summer, or the melancholy, though many-colored "fall," is productive of equal advantage, is another question. The fire-side pleasure, and the water-side profit of such works, are two distinct matters, though each is well worthy of attentive consideration in its way. That one man may read about angling by the household hearth till his shoes are consumed from off his feet, and his winter store of coals reduced to ashes, and know nothing of the subject after all, is just as certain as that another man may be a first-rate angler without having ever had in hand a single book upon his much-loved art. This only proves the truth of the old adage — that "practice is better than precept," — a saying which we don't here quote as anything very original, but rather as being peculiarly applicable to the art of angling, with a brief consideration of which we are now about to beguile ourselves, if not our readers.

Let the student, then, bear thoughtfully in mind, that angling differs in many respects from most other subjects — for example, history — and in nothing more than this, that books, by themselves books, are of no earthly use. The

achievements of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, and other men of renown, we fear, can now be only learned "from the record," seeing that they lived and died, came, saw, and conquered, in ages long gone by, into which we can not cast ourselves; and certain it is, that no exploration nowadays of the banks of the Granicus will tell us who headed the Macedonian phalanx, and overthrew Darius and his 600,000 Persians (surely a numerous people, if not a strong), any more than a walk, however lengthened, along the Rubicon, even from its lowly Adriatic mouth to gurgling fount on rocky Appenine, will tell us who crossed it one fine day, when perhaps he ought not to have done so, — at least if he respected the Senate, or feared Pompey and a civil war. The student of these passages in history may practise what he pleases by the sides of famous streams, but they will tell him nothing unless he also deeply ponders over many a dark and dismal-looking volume, the very names of which we scarcely know, and if we did, would almost fear to write; but we are sure that his notes would not be of Limerick hooks (O'Shaughnessy's), or Kirby bends, of lance-wood, hickory, whalebone, or bamboo; nor yet of mohair, dubbing, silk, or silver-twist; nor of any form of feathers or their hue, "white, black, and gray, with all their trumpery." Instead of these would stand such mystical memoranda as the following: "Diod. 17. — Plut. in Alex. — Justin. — Curt. iii. c. 1. — Lucan. i. v., 185 and 213. — Strab. 5. — Suet. in Cæs. 32;" — and for anything we can aver to the contrary, the supposed student might not be much wiser than he was before, in spite of all this dread array. But the true piscator must be practical in all his ways; for no perceptive teaching can give the steady arm and all-observing eye, or that peculiar combination of their powers by which an adept's artificial fly is made — after a semicircular sweep in upper air — to vault boldly across a raging river, and alight upon its surface within a couple of inches of some chosen spot, — chosen either from past experience of its value, or it may be merely from that instinctive feeling by which a practised angler ascertains, even in unaccustomed waters,

"Where low submerged the princely salmon lies."

Neither can anything but ample and assiduous practice give that other combination of relentless firmness and gentle pliability, with which



both rod and reel are managed, after the glittering lounge, or great up-heaving swell of sullen waters, followed by a whir of line like an electric telegraph, has proved the hooking of some goodly fish, which, under the guidance of a master's hand, may rush and spring and flounder all in vain; but alas! in timid and unsteady tyro's keeping, rises like a silvery meteor, and instantaneously turning its head one way and its tail another, snaps the line with one indignant plunge,—

"A moment white, then gone for ever."

But although a man who "spareth the rod," can never efficiently instruct himself or others in its practice, we do not mean to say that there is the slightest harm either in reading or in writing books on angling. On the contrary, as many respectable followers of the aquatic art are frequently and unfortunately laid up by rheumatism, the custom of reading a good deal, and writing a very little, may even be deemed advisable in certain cases—that is, where there is a remnant of reason, a remembrance of the first rules of grammar, some slight power of observation, discrimination, and expression, and a resolute resolve, while indulging in such works, never to lose temper as well as time, through the folly there abounding.

The germ or nucleus of Mr. Stoddart's present publication, is no doubt his small precursor entitled 'The Art of Angling, as practised in Scotland,' published so far back as 1835. We desire to refer for a moment to that former work, in order to give the author credit for his sound doctrine on the great parr question, even at that early period, when we confess our own mind was greatly darkened. He was of course quite ignorant, in common with all his brethren of the angle, of Mr. Shaw's original discovery of the slow progress of that fish's growth in fresh water, and of the consequent length of time during which it sojourned there; and, indeed, as respects this latter point, his views are somewhat vague and misty, if not altogether inaccurate, even now. But that he, with a wise and discriminating instinct, felt, although he could not scientifically prove, that parr were young salmon, is, we think, apparent from the following paragraphs:—

"Three theories, barring the one of its being a distinct species, are abroad concerning the parr. The first and most general opinion is, that the parr belongs both to the trout and salmon species, and is a sort of mule betwixt them; the second theory maintained by some, reckons it to be the male of the sea-trout, whiting, or finnock; and the third, which is by far the soundest, is held, certainly, we confess, upon suspicious premises, by the Ettrick Shepherd,

and assumes that the parr is nothing else than the fry of salmon. We shall consider these three opinions individually, and give our reasons for supporting the last."—*Scottish Angler*, p. 80.

Our author then sets himself to demolish the first two theories—a work of supererogation by no means difficult to do—and next endeavours to establish that which stands third in order, by a general reasoning not very accurate or conclusive in its way. But he then proceeds as follows:—

"Nor is our hypothesis altogether imaginary, for we come to the relation of a circumstance, the happening of which grounded our belief in this theory; and no assailable one it is, if our eyes, which are good, did not deceive us. Last spring, after the time when smoults generally descend, we chanced to capture a few of them in St. Mary's Loch, the streams about which are a favorite breeding-place for salmon. These were of a large kind, and had been prevented from joining the spring shoals, by their inability to discover the outlet to the lake; they were soft and loose in the scale, but seemingly an enticing bait for pike, which frequent a smaller sheet of water immediately above St. Mary's. In the afternoon, happening to use one of these smoults on our pike tackle, we remarked how its scales came off in great numbers, *discovering beneath a perfect parr, not to be mistaken in any one respect.* This incidental discovery we further confirmed by repeated experiments, and are now convinced beyond a doubt of the fact, that parr are the young of the salmon in a certain state.

"Nor have we availed ourselves in the minutest degree of the observations of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, in the *Agricultural Journal*; for we esteem his method of proof as somewhat fallacious, and at war with the established doctrine of chances; yet we have conversed with those who have asserted the accuracy of Mr. Hogg's statement, and we know it to be the constant practice of the bard of Altrive to mark the tail-fin of his parr with a peculiar incision, not difficult to recognise. We confess, however, that it is wonderful, first, that Mr. Hogg should be able to catch the ten thousandth portion of the parr frequenting Yarrow; second, that out of a few hundreds that he might catch and mutilate, such a number should reach the sea, undergo the many chances of disaster on their way thither, the more hideous perils of that element; that they should ascend to the exact stream of their birth, in preference to many others; and that when of good size and liable to be taken on ever so many occasions by human means, they should, escaping net and hook, otter and leister, arrive uninjured at Mr. Hogg's feet, and allow him to transfix them through and through, in order to discover their personal identity."—p. 86.

The most painful part of the discovery of the true character and status of the parr, is the fearful consequences which may now ensue to the



youthful progeny of the human race. Although there has been no legislative enactment concerning parr, under that particular and appropriate name, yet the ascertainment of their being young salmon, brings them into the same category with that noble fish, and places them beneath the shelter of its shield and buckler. From this it follows, that if the Act be strictly enforced and followed out, all youthful anglers (and anglers indeed of every age, but we most compassionate the young) must, in all rivers haunted by salmon, be totally debarred the pleasure of the rod, or use it at their peril, under the risk of conviction and heavy fine; because, as in most rivers, the majority of small trout, commonly so called, are actually parr or young salmon, it is impossible to angle, in however good faith, for genuine trout, without killing also genuine salmon; and so the son of a respectable attorney (we suppose there are such people), who increels, *inter alia*, and inadvertently, a few innocent parr, as yet unconscious even of incipient greatness, "shall forfeit and pay any sum not less than one pound sterling, and not exceeding ten pounds," besides forfeiting his rod or "other engine," whatever that may be. There is something most considerate and very soothing in the "not exceeding" termination of the clause, as exhibiting, under the very aggravated and heinous nature of the crime supposed, an almost heroic limitation of punishment.

Mr. Stoddart's present volume is so much more comprehensive and complete than his former one, that it may fairly be regarded altogether as a new and different work, and certainly one of the best and most important of its kind which has hitherto issued from the press. The author has been long and favorably known to both the angling and the literary world as an experienced sportsman and agreeable writer. Devoted to his art from early youth, a more recent residence of ten continuous years on Tweedside, in the neighbourhood of Kelso, with the further experience of two seasons by the banks of salmon streams in the north of Scotland, has given him a large measure of acquaintance with the subject, and most ample opportunities both of special practice and general observation of things connected with his favorite art, since he first indited his '*Scottish Angler*,' in 1835. His '*Angler's Companion*' of 1847, will therefore be found to be the most complete compendium of thing new and old, and worthy of remembrance, which we possess upon the subject at the present time. He not only discusses the theory and practice of the art, with special directions in relation to fly and bait fishing for the principal species which occur in Scotland, but he also gives separate chapters containing local details

regarding all our mighty rivers and their lesser streams, — extremely valuable as contributions to our general knowledge, and not only useful, but indispensable, as itineraries to guide the angler in his watery way.

The very "contents" of these chapters are enough to make any man discontented both with time and space, during the present wintry weather, when he must endure himself and family by the fire-side. The Tweed, the Forth, the Tay, and of each of these the tributaries — themselves a world of waters infinite; the "rivers of Argus and Aberdeenshire;" the "rivers of the Moray Firth;" "the Beauly and Conan;" the "rivers of the Dornoch Firth;" the "Oikel, Cassley, Carron, and Shin, Loch Shin, Loch Craggie," and many more; the "Naver and Strath, the Hope, Dinart, and Borgie, Loch Stack, the Laxford, the Inchard, the Lochs of Assynt, the river Ewe, Loch Maree, the Lewis;" then "the Awe, and rivers and lochs of Argyleshire;" "the Clyde and streams of the south-west," and "the rivers of the Solway Firth."

"Fate, drop the curtain, we can stand no more."

Mr. Stoddart's first chapter is occupied by his views regarding the river-trout, its character and habits; and contains many sound and sensible observations, along with certain statements of things which are hard to be understood. But of these anon.

"The trout is unquestionably a voracious feeder. It consumes, in proportion to its size, a greater quantity of sustenance than any other fresh-water fish; nor, in respect to the quality of its food, is it quite so scrupulous as is generally imagined. Look, for instance, at the variety it indulges in, according as the seasons, hours of the day, and state of the water or atmosphere, prompt and direct it. In this variety are embraced the whole of the insect tribes, winged or otherwise; frogs, leeches, worms, slugs, snails, maggots, cad-bait, every sort and size of fly, beetle, and moth, the water-spider, &c. Then there are fish — the smaller ones of its own species, parr or fingerlings, minnows, loaches, and sticklebacks, along with the roe or ova of salmon; and I doubt not even young birds and water-rats are occasionally made prey of by hungry river-trout. Examine the stomach, and you will generally find a large mass composed of insect-remains in a partly digested state, and superadded sometimes to these the remnants of a parr, loach, or minnow. The carp, the tench, the pike, are not more varied in their feeding than the common fresh-water trout. Even the pike itself, although a fearless, vindictive, and rapacious fish, is less gluttonous in its habits, and in its tastes infinitely more simple and congruous.

"What is it, then, it may be asked, that renders the trout difficult of capture? Its greedy propensities, one might imagine, would naturally

allow little room to the angler for the exercise of skill and judgment. But experience has taught otherwise; and the simple reason of this is, that with these propensities the trout unites epicure habits, caprice in its hours and seasons of feeding, cunning, shyness, and watchful distrust. As an epicure, it battens one day upon surface or winged food, and the next upon ground sustenance. Sometimes the minnow will attract it, sometimes the worm; sometimes, turning from both with dislike or satiety, it will amuse its palate with delicacies of the minutest description — the larvæ of water insects, or pellets of ova, picked up with address and assiduity from among the interstices of rocks and stones, from the foliage or roots of water-plants, or while floating past it in the descending current. And this caprice as to its food, while it tests the skill and experience of the angler, is assisted in doing so by the cunning and natural mistrust of the fish; its quick, vigilant eye, its keen, distinguishing sense of smell, and similar instinctive endowments and perceptions." — p. 13.

These omnivorous propensities no doubt form the ground-work of its too often fatal affection, even for those fantastic artificial lures which anglers fondly call *flies*, because they sometimes in a certain small measure resemble these insects, and are made by impulsion of rod and line to wing their adventurous way, first through the air and then through the water, where assuredly they soon lose all resemblance to the things whose name they bear.

The size to which trout attain, and the rate of their increase of growth, depend greatly upon circumstances, and vary with the nature of particular localities. An extensive range of ground, with an abundant supply of good food, makes speedy amends for want of years; while on the other hand, if a trout is planted in a spring well, although it be fed, even by the fairest hands, by night and day, its increase of dimensions will be slow and slight. This is probably owing to the want of diversity of aliment, and which debars the fish from choosing its food in accordance with what some might call caprice, but which we shall simply name the natural inclination of the moment. It is said that if you feed a human being upon pigeon pies for six weeks, he either dies or becomes a maniac. We never chanced to try the experiment either on ourselves or others, and would certainly, in the present state of the money market, rather decline the hazard of a contract to pay the expense of pie and paste to more than an extremely limited number of Irish *navies* who might survive the trial — certainly more humane in itself than the administering of even infinitesimal quantities of arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, or other poisonous and therefore rather unpleasant preparations (as is the practice of physiologists), to magnifi-

cent Newfoundland dogs, with lofty foreheads and thoughtful deep-set eyes — such as Landseer would love to paint — and tails that would turn round a man-of-war even during ebb-tide, with a single swinge. But that a variety of food is conducive to the exuberant growth both of man and the lower creatures is certain.

While at Fort-Augustus, in July, 1835, Mr. Stoddart saw what he considered a loch-trout of the common kind captured from a boat by trolling-tackle in Loch Ness, which weighed fourteen pounds. He states, that in point of shape it was, to his eye, symmetrically faultless, being deep in the flank, small-headed, and beautifully curved in the back and shoulder:

—"properties not always possessed by the description of trout I am alluding to, which, as overgrown individuals of their species, are inclined to show a monster front, big bony jaws, a long, straight, thick-hided hull, and a huge flapping tail; in fact, all the characteristics which age, hunger, and roving habits are apt to engender." — p. 19.

We are inclined to think that river trout, although their average size is certainly less than that of the loch variety, exhibit the largest examples of their kind, if we exclude *Salmo ferox* as probably a different species. For example, Stephen Oliver the younger, records a trout taken in September, 1832, near Great Driffield, which measured thirty-one inches in length, twenty-one in girth, and weighed seventeen pounds. A few years since, as mentioned by Mr. Yarrell, a notice was sent to the Linnean Society of a trout that was caught on the 11th of January, 1822, in a small branch of the Avon, "at the back of Castle-street, Salisbury," which weighed twenty-five pounds, and the accurate Ichthyologist just named, has given us instances of Thames trout weighing from eleven to fifteen pounds.

"Some deep pools," says Mr. Yarrell, "in the Thames above Oxford, afford excellent trout, and some of them of very large size. I have before me a record of six, taken by minnow-spinning, which weighed together fifty-four pounds, the largest of them thirteen pounds. Few persons are aware of the difficulty of taking a trout when it has attained twelve or fourteen pounds weight, and it is very seldom that one of this size is hooked and landed, except by a first-rate fisherman; such a fish, when in good condition, is considered a present worthy a place at a royal table."

We believe, that the English or south country anglers are great adepts in long light casts, with delicate gear, in deep still waters, where finely deceptive fishing is required, so that a Quarterly Reviewer might possibly excel another of the



has ascertained also, that there are two colors, or rather tints, that take the precedence over all others in producing the desired effect; that is, concealing it from the vision of trout or salmon, as well as from the observation of the looker-on.

"With regard to the experiments in question, they were made, some at the bridge below Coldstream, and others at Teviot Bridge, near Kelso, a party on each occasion being stationed to report on the key-stone of one of the arches, and immediately superintending the cast underneath. The conclusion I have come to is, that the walnut leaf, or brown dye, is best calculated for the purpose required; although, in a bright day, and in clear water, a bluish or neutral tinge is perhaps the most desirable." — p. 40.

Now the question here comes to be, What is "the purpose required?" Is it to deceive the trout, or only the superintendent? If the latter, it is clear that the color which most resembles the bed of the river, if the water is shallow, or the color of the water itself if it is deep, will prove the most deceptive; and the superintendent, if trusting to his sense of sight alone, will be truly astonished to see large trout dragged ashore by means merely of a rod and fly, the connecting link, or at least that portion of it commonly called the gut line, having "resolved itself into a dew," through the instrumentality of walnut juice. But if the object is to deceive the *fish*, which are by no means upon the key-stone of any of the arches, but in the waters beneath, and who see the line, it may be, under various aspects, but certainly most frequently as an object above them, interposed as a slender streak between themselves and the light of heaven, then is not the question of *translucence* rather than of color to be kept in mind, and our decision consequently determined in favor rather of whatever intercepts least light from the eye of the fish, than of what may appear least glaring to the vision of the man? The structure of the eye in man and fish is very dissimilar, and it is perhaps not quite fair to expect the one to achieve at once what the other has long been accustomed to; but we are certainly of opinion that it was the duty of the superintendent, if he was really in earnest in his business, to demit his *super-intendence* altogether, and, descending from the key-stone of the arch, betake himself to the bed of the river, and there ascertain what aspect his variously-tinted guts assumed when he himself was under water, in his proper capacity of a sub-aqueous-intendent. He must consent to place himself in the position of a fish, or as near it as he can, before he may reasonably hope to see things as a fish sees them. As to the point in question, we presume, that as clear

and colorless gut is likely to prove the most translucent and least interceptive, it is likely also to prove the most wily and least observable.

The false mode now noticed, of testing the perceptive powers of fishes by the results of our own senses, is in truth an error which pervades the very foundations of the art of angling. It lies at the bottom of all the false reasoning by which the *theory of imitation* of the natural fly is still maintained — a theory which of course supposes, in the first place, that an artificial fly is really quite like some natural one, even when the two are exhibited side by side; and not only so, but, secondly, that the same artificial fly, when diving furiously among the roaring waters, ascending against the current more frequently than it is descending with it, and crossing and re-crossing the running stream at right angles, and in all other directions, with the greatest rapidity, the most perfect ease, and completest self-command, still appears to trout or salmon to be identical in kind with any poor drowning *musca*, of whatever sort, which may have fallen into the "hell of waters," and is there instantaneously swept downwards and away for ever. Try the thing any fine day, by the side of some fair and flowing river. Pitch an actual fly of any kind into the current, and take notice whether its aspect or procedure resembles that of the artificial fly when worked by an angler who knows his trade, and is both able and willing to raise a fish. If the two objects in question do not present the same appearance, character, or mode of action, in a single feature, to the eye of any reasonable man, is it to be supposed that any fish will be found so unreasonable as to insist on detecting resemblances where none exist, and so foolish as to swallow, or attempt to swallow, an artificial fly in the afternoon, merely because it seems to it to be precisely the same as the natural insect which it had successfully swallowed in the morning? We have far too good an opinion of fish in general to suppose any such thing.

As two sets of opinions, somewhat dissimilar if not discordant, seem still afloat upon this subject, we may here discuss them briefly, although in reality they lead rather to a theoretical than a practical difference as respects the angler.

The older, and it may be still-prevailing idea regarding artificial flies was this, that they required to be made in precise and specific imitation of certain living species, each of the many hundreds in common use exactly resembling one in nature (it was alleged), and that the angler's success in his art resulted from the perfection of that resemblance, the fish being so misled by it as to mistake the one for the other. Hence has



North British, in that quiet though skilful mode of capturing the finny race; but in or near a roaring rock-bound river, where the stream is almost a cataract, and the pool apparently a boiling cauldron, though extremely cold, we should by no means fear to back the true Presbyterian blue against the equally true Episcopalian brown.

We have no personal knowledge of any very large river-trout in Scotland, having never killed one quite three pounds; but we see no reason to dissent from Mr. Stoddart in his statement, as to the probability of individuals, purely of the river sort, attaining to the weight of ten or twelve. In the 'Aberdeen Journal,' September, 1833, mention is made of a trout killed in the Don, which weighed eleven pounds, and measured in girth seventeen inches. They are frequently captured in the Tweed by means of cairnets, and otherwise, weighing upwards of six pounds. Mr. Stoddart has taken them in that river, and its tributary Teviot, as heavy as four pounds and a half. But we believe that the slow and stately streams of England, in its southern quarters, with their richer feeding-ground, and more umbrageous places of repose and shelter, produce larger trout than any that are frequent in the more translucent rivers of the north.

The rate at which trouts grow, and the time they take to attain the adult state, are points of some importance in their history, which it is, however, fully more easy to imagine than to describe. Mr. Stoddart is of opinion, that if well fed they grow with astonishing rapidity, and that under any circumstances not absolutely hostile to their existence, they acquire, in the course of four or five months, dimensions which entitle them to a "place in the angler's creel." We fear that many are placed there with very small pretensions as to size, though excellent when "lipping in numbers" in the frying-pan, with a considerable coating of meal. Their spawn is shed, like that of the salmon, during a range of several months, from the end of September onwards; and in like manner the period of hatching depends on the conditions of the weather, a mild season producing young in earlier spring than a severe one. No man can tell the age of a trout simply by looking at its teeth, and in this respect, as doubtless in many others, it differs from a horse.

There is no doubt that the size and character of trouts must depend mainly on the quantity and quality of food. There are numerous naturally impoverished streams where it is scarcely possible to capture a trout above a quarter of a pound, and the greater the number of them, the more lank and ill-conditioned they become. One might as soon expect to find jolly red-faced

rollicking paupers, weighing fifteen stone and upwards, in a poor's house, as well-conditioned fish in such ill-supplied waters. It is thus that many of our Highland and northern rivers, flowing as they do through barren and uncultivated districts, with rocky unretentive beds, their waters clear and cold, containing no sedimentary deposits, and surrounded by no umbrageous banks nor varied vegetation, "the flowery lap of some irriguous valley," produce only lean and dwarfish trouts. A different rule holds in respect to salmon, — because of these the feeding-grounds are in the sea, and a roaring and outrageous river is all to their taste, as food is not their object in seeking the fresh water, but a stream or current as an essential attribute of the spawning ground. Of course they do feed in rivers, and fortunately for ourselves, not seldom on artificial flies (we wonder what peculiar kind they take them for), but they do not increase in size or weight, and greatly deteriorate in general condition.

Mr. Stoddart in his second chapter, expatiates on the materials of the angler's art, on gut, casting lines, knots, rods, reels, hooks, boots, pocket-books, boxes, gaffs, and panniers. But he says less than he ought to do regarding sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. We cannot trust ourselves with the discussion at this time, either of the many points on which he enters, or the few he has omitted, but must refer our readers to the work itself. A word or two meanwhile regarding gut, and the dyeing of the same.

A man may as well go unarmed into battle, or with merely a switch in his hand, as approach a river worth wading into when his guts are not in good order. This precious and indispensable material is fabricated from the entrails of the silk-worm, chiefly in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sicily, and the "Isles of Greece," and almost exclusively for the British market. The Spanish is the best, either from its being constitutionally finer, or more carefully prepared. The Sicilian is of great length, but it is of a coarser fabric, and is deficient in roundness and equality of texture. Gut, to be really good, must be round and equal in the thread, not lacteous but transparent, and free from film within, or flossy fibres outside. The most desirable to possess, and therefore, as generally happens, the most difficult to obtain, is the finer kind for trout-fishing, and the stronger sort for salmon. The intermediate grades may be picked up anywhere at small expense.

In regard to the color of gut, Mr. Stoddart is of opinion, "from experiments made by himself at various times," that it is advantageous for the angler to employ stained or dyed gut, in preference to the material in its natural state. He

across the river, than the character and conduct of his lure assume a change, and the trout, keen-eyed — yet under the necessity of a sudden seizure, or none at all — then darts upon its prey, not as a drowning insect wafted by wind or wave, but as an agile and fugacious creature inhabiting its own element, which, in a state of inconsiderate boldness, speedily punished and put an end to, had ventured too far from the protecting shore or sedgy bank. All anglers know that the greater number, and the larger fish, are generally killed by the tail-fly, which, during the usual process of angling, swims several inches under water. That there are determinate relations between artificial flies of certain dimensions, form, and color, and the particular conditions of a river in respect to size and season, is very true; and in an accurate acquaintance with these relations lies the value of local experience — knowledge being power; but that they are connected, not with the necessity of representing individual forms of insect life, or any strict analogies of nature, but rather with a general principle applicable to all deceptive arts, and peculiarly so to angling, the "*ars celare artem*," is quite as true. Indeed, that anglers' flies, so roughly composed as they often are, and made up of fur and feathers, with silken heads, golden ribs, worsted bodies, hair legs, and steel tails, should be looked upon as identical in aspect with any of those frail and fragile forms, instinct with life, so light and airy in their motions that they seem to glide along the glittering waters more like motes of living light than creeping things, is a belief which we really cannot take upon ourselves either to credit, or convey to others.

"Fly-fishing," observes the author last quoted, "has been compared, though by a somewhat circuitous mode of reasoning, to sculpture. It proceeds upon a few simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may require long and severe labor to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render a subject intricate and confused, which is in itself so plain and unencumbered. In truth, the ideas which at present prevail on the matter degrade it beneath its real dignity and importance. When Plato, speaking of painting, says, that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure arises from the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for, if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? So, also, in regard to fishing: the accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the detail of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas which are inherent in universal na-

ture. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect with outspread gauzy wings would so fall; but he does not imitate (or if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle), either in the air or his favorite element, the flight or the motion of particular species, because he knows that trouts are much less conversant in entomology than M. Latreille, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth, or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalizes, — and this is the philosophy of fishing."

We regard the mode of reasoning here adopted as fair enough, and on the whole the facts seem in favor of the philosophers, if we may be allowed to call them so; but as others are not of that opinion, we must listen to them also, on the just principle of "*Audi alteram partem*." For example, the author of the "*Hand-Book of Angling*," who rejoices in the fleeting name of *Ephemer*a, adheres to the old doctrine, and thinks flies flies. We are sorry for him, but cannot help it.

"Of late years," he observes, "a new doctrine — in my opinion, a totally wrong one — has been sent forth about artificial flies. Some Scotch writers were the first promulgators of it, and they have carried it to ridiculous extravagance. They positively maintain that there is no likeness between the natural fly and the artificial one, and that, when natural flies are on the water, the angler will be more successful by using artificial flies as widely different from them in shape, color, &c., as may be. [The philosophers have never *gravely* gone this length.] A nondescript artificial fly will succeed better, they say, than a bad resemblance, and every attempt at imitation, in their opinion, produces at the best but a bad resemblance. These angling heretics contend that fish, rising at a natural fly, immediately detect, by comparison, of course — the bad imitation, and refuse to rise at it; whereas they will rise at some outlandish artificial that differs, more than chalk does from Cheshire cheese, from the living fly on the water. They say that when they go fly-fishing they catch some of those flies that are on the water, and fish with artificial flies totally different from them, and invariably meet with more success than if they used so-called — as they name them — imitations. The majority of mankind are mad on one subject or another. Perhaps the majority of animals are equally so. These mad fly-fishers are successful, no doubt, because they meet with mad fish, which are more readily taken with fantastic flies than with naturally colored and shaped ones. That is the only way I can account for their heterodoxy. My friends do not mind what these cracked sectarians say."

This is certainly a pleasant, easy, toothpick



arisen the expensive and multitudinous stock of flies with which many fond anglers encumber themselves, carrying hither and thither a collection like a travelling museum for extent and variety. Hence, also, that "monthly calendar," in accordance with which, as nature changes, they too must needs change their imitation of nature — all this tending to render confused and complex a subject in itself simple and unencumbered. As it is certain that fish very frequently take artificial flies, it is perhaps of less consequence what they mistake them for, the result being so far conclusive and satisfactory, that they are captured by a certain procedure, whether the theory be true or false. But that it is false we are very certain for many reasons, and this among the rest, that artificial flies — whatever their makers may intend or think — do not in truth resemble real ones at all, as we are well assured that no naturalist not an angler, if shown a wagon-load of them, could, to save his life, tell the name of a single species they were intended to represent; and many of those most successfully used in practice, having been in the first place invented either in sheer caprice, or the intentional defiance of every principle of imitation.

There is no harm in assigning to artificial flies the names of natural insects for distinction's sake; and there is not only no harm, but a deal of good, in using them under any name whatever, so soon as we have ascertained their killing attributes at any time or place; but don't let us give an erroneous reason for our success, instead of merely being grateful for it. In a purely pictorial illustration of the subject, it is very easy to draw, engrave, and color a real fly, and then perform the same process to an artificial one, placing the two side by side, and making the latter as like the former as we can, merely putting the end of a gut line in its mouth, and depicting a hook curving cunningly from its hinder end, — because the same materials of art are in this case applied to each, and both are merely portraits, with a certain necessary air of resemblance. But if the artist acts conscientiously, and represents the real fly as like nature as he can, and the artificial one as like a dressed hook as he is able, then the delicate simplicity and unity of structure in the one will contrast so strongly with the strange dismantled fur and feather aspect of the other, that we are sure no living creature, either above or beneath the waters, will confound them. For example, in Mr. Ronalds' excellent and well-intended 'Fly-fisher's Entomology,' there is nothing at all approaching to a specific resemblance between his representations of the natural and artificial fly, as he exhibits them side by side. On the

contrary, the resemblance is vague and general; and if so on paper, where both exist under the same conditions as to the materials by which they are represented, how infinitely greater must the difference be when they are compared in their actual and distinctive characters of art and nature, and composed of such dissimilar elements of form and structure.

The author then naturally inquires on what principle of imitative art the different kinds of salmon-fly can be supposed to bear the most distant resemblance to any known species of natural insect? We fear he may still inquire in vain. It is certain that if, when out of the water, they in no way resemble any hitherto-discovered fly, they can never be imagined to present the likeness of one when themselves seen several inches under water, jerking up every stream and torrent "with the agility of an otter, and the strength of an alligator." As it is demonstrable that the artificial flies used for salmon bear no resemblance, either in form or color, to any existing one, it is natural to conclude that, in this instance at least, the fish proceed upon other grounds, and are deceived by an appearance of life and motion, rather than by a specific resemblance to any thing which they had previously been in the habit of preying on. "What natural insect," Mr. Wilson asks, "do the large flies, at which sea-trout rise so readily, resemble? These, as well as grilse and salmon, frequently take the lure far within the bounds of salt-water mark; and yet naturalists know that no such thing as a salt-water fly exists, or at least has been discovered by their researches. Indeed, no true insect inhabits the sea."

We certainly agree with Mr. Wilson in thinking that an artificial fly can at the best be regarded only as the representative of a natural one, which has been, or is nearly drowned, as it is impossible to imitate the dancing motion or hovering flight of the real insect over the stream; and even with this restricted idea of its resemblance to nature, the likeness must be scarcely discernible, according to the usual and most successful mode of angling, and would barely be so, even if an insane sportsman did nothing but drag his flies down the current, on purpose to make the fish believe that they were past all recovery, and could do nothing for themselves. When the far end of the line first falls upon the surface of the water, a fish may be deceived for a moment by the idea of a natural fly (and this is one argument for light, rapid, and frequent casting), although, if under some umbrageous wooded bank, it may be also thinking of a winged beetle, or even wingless caterpillar; but no sooner has the practitioner begun to make his insidious *returns* upwards, downwards, or



style of writing, although we do not venture to recommend its adoption by others, because, according to the theory to which we now incline, imitation is difficult, if not dangerous. He then proceeds to say, that in the month of October, 1846, a young relative of his own sent him a fly that had alighted on his paper when he was sketching out of doors. He (the youthful relative) wanted to know its name:—

"When the fly arrived, some boyish anglers were with me, and I told them to find amongst my artificial flies any one that they thought resembled the natural one in shape and color. Without more than necessary delay, and at the first guess, they picked out the right imitation. I then told them to look for the same fly in Alfred Ronalds' 'Fly-fisher's Entomology.' They did so; found the *drawing* and the imitation, and pronounced the natural fly 'the gold-eyed gauze-wing.' They were right; and if boyish eyes, looking through nature's microscope, were right, think you fish would be wrong?"

"Now, this fly of which I am speaking, has a green body, with a slight yellow cast in it, four transparent reticulated wings, lying flat over the body, the two under wings being shorter than the upper, and these latter longer than the body of the fly. The head and eyes appeared brightly burnished. You have seen an imitation cigar with its burning end, deceive the most knowing *connoisseur*. You have seen a glass filled with simulated brandy and water, invitingly undulating, as it was offered to a most accomplished judge, and taken by him unconsciously, until no smell or taste told him of the deception. You have seen man deceived by imitations, with his fine eye for shape and color—and yet the philosophers tell you fish cannot be so deceived.—p. 50.

This is not only fine writing, but approaches powerful painting. It certainly exhibits several good groups, well fitted to afford subjects for a series of rather striking pictures of domestic life. "Artifice detected, or Hemerobius himself again," would delight the angler and entomologist; "The burning of Havana, or the smokeless smoker," would hold out a model to young men, whose maiden aunts mourn over the deteriorated smell of the rising generation; while "The accomplished Judge done brown," would show, that the wisest as well as the weakest of mankind should never trust to mere appearances, and are often deceived thereby.

The insect above referred to, is *Hemerobius perla* of the naturalists; a creature beautiful exceedingly, with delicate lace-like wings, a head and body of pale and ghostly green, and eyes lustrous as balls of living fire. It flies about in calm summer evenings, with wings broadly expanded, but of feeble force, owing to the extreme delica-

cy of their texture, and deficiency of muscular power; and hence it never stirs abroad in windy weather. It does not affect the river-side, but is rather a sylvan species, being found along the outskirts of woods, and in well-sheltered fields, and shrub-encircled gardens, laying its eggs, remarkable for the stalk-like elongations by which they are supported, on the leaves of lime trees. The instant it touches water with its ample wings, and very feeble thorax, it falls flat, helpless, paralysed, upon the surface, as if deprived of every power of locomotion. We should like to see Ephemera's imitation of this species, which led to the discovery of its kind; but if it no more resembles the real one, than does Mr. Ronalds' drawing of the artificial insect, then the "young relative" must indeed have been a sharp-sighted youth. Its body, we are told, is to be formed of "very pale green floss silk, tied on with silk thread of the same color," while the wings and legs, both of which are yellowish green in nature, are to be composed in art of "the palest blue dun hackle which can be procured." Ephemera no doubt improves the imitation of the organs of flight, by substituting the fibres of a young starling's wing-feather stained green,—but then for the head, shining like a small though most effulgent light-house, he recommends "two or three laps of bright brown silk!" and all this in the way of a precise and specific imitation, not of a winged insect in general, but of *Hemerobius perla* in particular. We wonder how it works upon the water, and how like, after a minute's immersion, may be the pale green floss, bright brown silk, and stained fibre of the starling's wing, all dodging away diligently as one united and harmonious fly, to the fair and frail original, lying outspread upon the liquid surface in pearly though unconscious lustre. There is no manner of doubt that the trout will first swallow the real insect, and then attempt to swallow the artificial one, which, however, it will be debarred from doing by Ephemera himself (who we are sure is an excellent angler in practice, though on the point in question theoretically wrong) instantly striking the unexpected barb into its cheek or tongue, and landing it in less than no time. But this voracity on the part of the trout, however inexcusable, is in no way unaccountable. It merely prefers two morsels to one, however dissimilar these may be; and no person can (or at least ought to) suppose that it mistakes "the laps of brown silk" and other "furnishings," for the resplendent visage of the gold-eyed gauze-wing." No sensible (if hungry) man refuses mutton-chops because he cannot conscientiously conceive them to be veal-cutlets. He will probably help himself to both, if placed within his reach, and if one or other should

turn out to be not quite what he expected, he will no doubt upbraid the waiter, who will merely put his tongue in his cheek. Let him be thankful that he has not a hook in his own.

We fear from the concluding lines of the last quoted paragraph, "and yet the philosophers tell you fish cannot be so deceived," that *Ephemera* does not understand the question after all. Not only do "the philosophers" tell us fish can be so deceived, but they inform us that they are much more easily deceived, than the disciples of the other school are aware of. Because the said philosophers while admitting that fish are caught, and even asserting that they catch them now and then themselves, merely deny that artificial flies *specifically* resemble real ones, and so they all the more admit that trout are easily deceived by imitations of the most abominable, absurd, and outrageous nature, that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive, or his hands to execute.

According to *Ephemera*, birds are constantly deceived by "the artificial fly." We have killed but few fowls of the air with rod and line, but we doubt not the thing is possible.

"Swallows, martins, swifts, goldfinches, have darted at artificial flies, as the wind flew them about on the line, and have hooked themselves and been taken. It was only last year, that a dunghill cock [he should have had his hackles pulled], seized an artificial May-fly attached to an angler's rod, resting outside an inn at Buxton, and was caught. If birds take these imitations of water-flies, not being their natural or best food, how can it be argued that fish will not take them." — p. 52.

Certainly the argument will not be maintained by any man who fills his fishing-basket, or any portion of the same, however stubbornly he may insist that neither cocks nor hens take them because they exactly resemble their old friend *Hemerobius perla*, or any other flying thing.

"The philosophers say, attempts at imitation are of no avail, for salmon and some of the salmonidæ rise eagerly at artificial flies that resemble nothing living on earth, in air, or water. *That is true, and as yet unaccountable.* But dress those gaudy salmon-flies, or lake trout-flies, as small as you like, and the common trout and grayling will not rise at them." — p. 53.

With grayling, as it is not a Scotch fish, we have nothing now to do; but this we know, that with small salmon-flies, we have killed scores of common trout, and it is indeed our usual practice in grilse fishing, to angle not only the strong runs, and deeper waters where these fish lie, but also all the shallower pools and streams, as we pass along, for trout; and the

last day we tried the Inver, on the west coast of Sutherland, although we killed only a couple of grilse, we captured eighteen excellent river-trout with the same fly. A day or two subsequently, while angling along a certain rocky range of shore at the head of Loch Assynt, in the hope of grilse, and with a grilse-fly as the drag, and a loch-fly as dropper, we killed a fine fresh-run grilse with the latter, and *the majority* of twenty-seven loch-trout with the former. We firmly believe *Ephemera* would have made a better day's work of it, either with his own flies, or any other person's.

"The artificial May-fly is not a killing bait except under peculiar circumstances, and when thrown upon the water amongst the real flies, fish will generally prefer the latter. Use any other artificial fly, as unlike the May-fly as possible, and you will prove the theory of the philosophers to be erroneous, for fish *will not rise at these unlike flies at all.*" — p. 53.

It is curious that we happened inadvertently to disprove the truth of this assertion before we knew it had been made. While fishing Loch Craggie, near Lairg, last June, the May-fly, commonly so called, was still upon the water, as it is a cold though kind country thereabouts, and the shores of the Loch, in consequence of a heavy and continuous shower of hail, were on the 22d of that month for an hour or two as white as Nova Zembla. But on one of our more genial and successful days, when a gentle rippling breeze was bringing the natural insects from a small scantling of silvery-stemmed birch-trees — the only wood in view — and we were floating our small craft down the Loch, we espied before us a pair of May-flies on the water, holding their wings erect and high, as if proud of their newly acquired though by no means safe position. In the indulgence of our own caprice, though with no desire to rival nature, far less eclipse that beautiful abstraction, we threw our cast of flies, all three fanciful, and two of them our own invention, beyond the "naturals," and then brought our line homewards, and between them, a little under water. Just as our own lures intercepted the loving pair, there was perceived a heavy gurgling bulge upon the surface, and old George Munro, keeper of Loch Craggie, who was working the boat as smoothly as in oil, said softly in Celtic Saxon, "She's like a grulsh." We knew it, and striking her fondly but firmly, after a few minutes' dalliance, brought her first into the landing-net and then into the boat, where she lay in such mild yet radiant freshness, that no mention could be made of pearls. *She* was of course not a grilse (which having no wings, cannot attain



Loch Craggie), and had never been to sea; but had nevertheless swallowed a huge sea-trout lure, resplendent with blue wings, a red body, a golden cincture, and a crimson tail, a thing, or rather combination of things, altogether more nearly resembling a footman than a fly, and the likeness of which assuredly was never seen alive on all the earth.

"The above famous May-fly," continues the persevering Ephemera, "so common in the rivers of the Midland, the Western, and the Southern Counties of England, is not so common in the north, is rare and even unknown in many of the best rivers of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It would be in vain to fish with it there, which proves again that the common trout at any rate will not rise at nondescript things, which instinct informs them have no resemblance to their natural food."—p. 55.

Supposing, however, that the May-fly is unknown in Scotland, and that being so, its imitation is a nondescript with which "it would be in vain to fish there," we can prove that in this case all is not vanity under the sun. We have no special fancy for the so-called May-fly, but we never used it in Scotland, either in loch or river, without finding it acquit itself very fairly in each. We may relieve Ephemera's mind, however, by informing him frankly, that the natural fly is abundant in Scotland, and that the Scotch trouts, though, like the English ones, they "generally prefer the real flies," especially for a continuance, will take them also in the artificial state, in spite of our calling them May-flies, but certainly not in consequence of their thinking that they are so.

Pass we the chapters on "worm-fishing for trout;" "on trouting with minnow, and parr-tail;" on "angling with the salmon roe;"—and let us approach with respect bordering upon awe, chapter 9,—**"THE SALMON."**

We shall not inflict upon our readers what ought by this time to be to them the well-known history of this princely species. Is it not recorded in the books of Shaw and Young? But is it not mis-stated in the book of Thomas Tod Stoddart? Somewhat we opine, and shall ere long proceed to prove. In the meantime, let us consider briefly the subject of angling for salmon, as discussed by Mr. Scrope, the said T. T. Stoddart, and other worthies.

A rod which is characterized by length and strength, of course enables the piscator to effect a far cast, and this is of advantage in deep and broad rivers, where wading, if not dangerous is at least unadvisable. On the other hand, the additional fatigue of wielding a heavy rod must be considered in a long day's work, as the muscular action of the back and arms is not inex-

haustible, and a sense of pain and weariness does not add either to the pleasure or productiveness of sport. No doubt

"The labor we delight in physics pain;"

but when a rod of sixteen or eighteen feet gives a reasonable command of a river, it is well to be satisfied with that extent. The great use of a long rod, is not only to afford a far cast with a heavy line, but to enable the angler to hold that line well up out of the way of projecting rocks or stones, when the fish makes a long and rapid run over a rough country, and cannot be kept up with in consequence of the broken nature of the ground. You also weary him out all the sooner by the additional weight which may be brought to bear upon him by firm holding, by "giving the butt," as the backward position of the rod is called, without endangering the tackle. But with a slight or single-handed implement (we have frequently killed *fish*,\* from ten to fourteen pounds weight, with a rather delicately constructed trout-rod, which measures only thirteen feet four inches) greater caution and a few minutes more time are needed; and it may happen that during these few minutes the slim portion of skin or tendon, by which the prey is held, if slightly hooked, gives way, and although the line is lightened, the angler's heart becomes heavy with hope deferred. So as delays are dangerous, the quicker a salmon can be killed the better. At the same time we admit that Captain——is an excellent and successful angler, and he always uses a single-handed rod,—but then his chief reason for so doing is not of a guiding nature to others, but rather personal to himself, as he served throughout the peninsular war, and came home with only one arm.

The length of the line should also be in some measure regulated by that of the river, although ten or twenty yards, more or less, make little difference in the weight of the tackle, and it is well to be provided for a *run*, although fish do not go so far as foxes. From ninety to a hundred and thirty yards, probably include the utmost that may be required, as well as the least that it is safe to trust to. It should taper for a few yards at the extremity, which makes the casting portion somewhat lighter, and produces a more delicate gradation towards the gut-line. But it should surely not be "thick in the middle, and taper towards *each end*," as Ephemera hath it, as this would cause additional weakness, in proportion as the line was well run out.

Of the color of the gut we have already

\* In anglers' phraseology, the term *fish* is only applied to grilse and salmon, and never to fresh-water trout, however large and resplendent these may be.



spoken. As to its being used single or double, that must depend upon its quality. First-rate single gut is sufficient, with skill and carefulness, to kill a salmon to its heart's content; but we think the *gradation* just referred to, makes it rather advisable to have at least the upper portion double for a few links adjoining the reel-line. If the river is rough and rocky, and genuine salmon-gut of prime quality cannot be had, then the entire casting-line should be double.

In regard to the choice of flies, the first thing is to endeavour to forget that there is such a thing as a natural fly on the face of the earth. You may then, by assiduous and observant practice on your own part, conjoined with reasonable though not too pertinacious inquiry from others who are locally experienced, obtain a knowledge of the artificial kinds. That some flies are better than others there is no doubt, but it is extremely difficult to say before-hand, which may prove the most successful, so variable are the fancies of salmon, and apparently so regulated by the state of the river, of the weather, or of other things it may be of an atmospheric nature — unappreciable by our less delicate perceptions.

"When a man toils a long time without success," says Mr. Scrope, "he is apt to attribute his failure to the using an improper fly, so he changes his book through, till at last, perhaps, he catches fish. The fly with which he achieves this, is naturally a favorite ever afterwards, and probably without reason: the cause of success might be in the change of air and temperature of the water; and the same thing would probably have occurred if he had persevered with the same fly with which he began. When the night has been frosty, salmon will not stir till the water has received the genial warmth of the day; and there are a thousand hidden causes of obstruction, of which we, who are not fish, know nothing.

"As an instance, I once fished over a short stream above 'The Webbs,' in Mertoun Water, without having an offer. Being convinced there were fish in it, I went over it a second time with *the same fly* immediately afterwards, and caught two salmon and two grilse. Now, if I had changed my fly, as is usual, the success would naturally have been attributed to such change. But observe, I do not mean to assert that all flies are equally successful, for there must obviously be a preference, however slight; but I mean merely to say, that a failure oftener occurs from atmospheric variations than from color of the fly. Yet an occasional change is always advisable, particularly if you have had any offers; since the fish, in so rising, having perhaps discovered the deception, will not be solicitous to renew their acquaintance with a detected scamp. *After all, the great thing is to give the appearance and motion of a living animal.*"

This is all as true as steel. The italics are

our own, as we love the sentiment, which we had expressed almost in the very same words long before we had seen Mr. Scrope's work, and when we were as ignorant of his ideas as he of ours.

Another person's fly sometimes proves more successful than the angler's own — at least we found it so the last day save one on which we fished the famous river Shin. We had left Lairg at five o'clock of a fine gray July morning, and the dog-cart took us four miles down the river in a few minutes, as we wished to angle the lower pools between the waterfall and Shin Bridge. It was Monday — the best day in the week for sport in that quarter, as net and cobble are at rest at the river's mouth throughout the preceding day, and so an extra number of fresh-run fish have generally made their way upwards into stream and pool. We thought the day our own, as we knew of no one on the water (with permission) except ourselves, and so we descended to the river-side, and took our station by a well-known rush of water. Just as we commenced casting into the neck of the stream, we perceived that we had been anticipated, even at that early hour, for there stood at the tail of it a tall stranger, clad in tweeds from top to toe, whom we had actually seen a few minutes before, but had taken for an aspiring crag, so like was his pervading color to the rocky cincture of that roaring river. It was by mere chance that we had not stepped in before rather than behind him, which would not have accorded with piscatorial politeness. We fished the stream more quickly and carelessly than we should else have done; and as the "great unknown" passed downwards we did so too, in the hope of picking up what he might leave. We happened to have our eye upon him when he commenced the next stretch, which he had no sooner done than he raised a fine fish that came at him like a great wedge of blue and silver, making itself distinctly heard even amid the voice of many waters, for the banks were now high, rocky, and resounding from afar. However, it appeared that he had either missed his fish, or his fish had missed him, for no direct communication had been established between them. The angler then paused a minute — whether wisely or no we cannot take upon ourselves to say — but pause he did, drew up his line, took off his fly, unfolded his capacious pocket-book, appended to his line another lure, and tried the cast again. But this time he essayed in vain, for salmo, taking the sulks, had sunk beneath the darkening waters, and the turbulent stream pursued its course, unbroken but by its own uproarious nature, and its rocky shores. The piscator passed again downwards, and we also descending came upon the

spot which he had left. With one leg planted in the water, and another on a ledge of protruding rock, we were just about to try our chance, when we espied beneath our upraised foot, just as we were setting it for firmness' sake on the aforesaid ledge, a beautiful and highly finished Irish fly, really a splendid piece of work, elaborate with the fantastic feathering of guinea-fowl, golden-pheasant, king-fisher, blue and buff macaw, and other "birds of gayest plume." It had dropped unwittingly from the fingers of our aspiring predecessor, and was, we presumed, the very lure at which the salmon had just made so bright a lounge, and which its ungrateful, inconsiderate master had suddenly discarded and deposited, as if the fly had been to blame. We considered within ourselves, that if the fish had risen once so keenly, in like manner it might rise again, and so taking off our own property, we substituted the piece of "treasure trove," and cast it on the waters. Truly we found it again ere many minutes, for scarcely had it hung a few seconds pretty well within the edge of the off side of the stream, than up rose salmo like an aurora-borealis, and away he went down the water with a fly in his mouth which was certainly neither his nor ours. However, we gave him line liberally (it was our own), and strode along the rocks as fast as we were able. He went at once down to the tail of his own stream, stopped, turned, gave a surly indefinite kind of plunge, as if he were both fish and fowl, but instead of returning upwards as we had expected, he had merely made a somerset under water, and then went away down again, like a congreve rocket, through a narrow rush of water between two rocks, and into a dark and deep capacious pool below. This was precisely what he ought to have done, for we knew this bit of water as well as he did, or rather better, as we had been always near, and often in it, for a fortnight; whereas not being a member of the Sabbath Alliance, he had come up the day before. Time and types are wanting to tell all he did (we say nothing of ourselves), but after working him steadily for about sixteen minutes, he began to *wamble* through the water, and to show rather that his sides were deep and silvery, than that his back was broad and blue. We ere long led him gently into quiet water, towards the central side of that capacious pool, where our predecessor was still standing in his tweeds; and at the feet of that predecessor, our sagacious friend and follower, "the miller," gaffed and laid him down—a beautiful fish which might have been the stranger's own, and with a fly in his mouth, which assuredly had been so. He kindly informed us of what we were previously well aware, that he had raised that same salmon him-

self not half an hour before, and requested leave to look at our fly. When we showed it, none the worse for wear, he looked at it reproachfully, and declared it was a perfect fac-simile of the one with which he had so nearly struck the fish himself, and which was then in his pocket-book. The first clause of the verse was very true—it was really as like as possible; the second was perhaps open to some cavilling objection, but as we are not ourselves of an argumentative turn of mind, we said nothing more upon the subject.

The mode of casting and working the fly can only be attained by practical experience, often dearly bought. Mr. Stoddart says well—

"never allow the hook itself to plough or ruffle the surface of the water. By the trout-fisher, whose lures are in point of size comparatively insignificant, this may be done occasionally without any bad result; but a salmon-fly thus worked will generally occasion distrust or terror, and seldom prove inviting."

Salmon-angling is a much more slow and solemn occupation than trouting. Although a *fish* will sometimes take the fly upon the very surface, and almost the moment it arrives there, it more frequently *waits for it* under water, and after it has been allowed to course some portion of the stream. Deep and slow fishing is certainly more advisable than a superficial hasty style, although both extremes are bad. Although a salmon when sharp-set will no doubt follow a fly, and so go somewhat out of his way to obtain it, yet on the whole he prefers its being put honestly before him, which can only be done designedly when his own special haunt is known. But there is generally what may be called a likely portion of the water, and there the fly should take its patient and insidious courses—sometimes a solemn semicircular sweep—then a coy attempt to escape by gently jousting upwards—while ever and anon it should hang as if enamoured in the stream, or even be dropt suddenly a foot or two downwards, and then recovered cautiously again. These and many more manœuvres must be called forth and regulated by the particular nature of the "pure element of waters" in which the angler may be standing for the time—an onward or at least continuous movement being advisable in the comparatively still reaches of a river, while the dallying or hovering action suits the more rapid and perturbed streams. On the whole, the upward or longitudinal motion, more or less varied, seems more successful, if not more deceptive, than the transverse. A river is seldom as broad as it is long; and if a salmon sees a nice-looking artificial fly (we never saw them rise at a real one) it will prefer following it up the deeper channel of the stream or current, to turning shorewards



for it, with the risk of finding itself in shallow water, and wasting its silver sheen upon the gravel. That the hovering or hanging system is a good one, we had a couple of years ago occasion to exemplify, as follows. The reader will again excuse a "personal narrative," though not by Humboldt.

We were angling on the river Inver with two friends, and had taken up our own position on the cruive-dyke which crosses that river about a mile and a half above Loch Inver. The principal stream was running impetuously beneath our feet, as we had commenced casting, for the sake of firm and comfortable footing, from off the boards which formed the roof of the cruive itself. We could thus command not only the centre of the current, but both its sides. However, we threw away for some time without raising a fish. Our two companions had taken up their station somewhat lower down, and were casting from the leftward shore. From their position, and working, as they were obliged to do, at right angles to the stream, although they could put their flies well into the nearer side of the current of strong water, they could not hang them there, because before that process can be effected, the line must fall away downwards till it is nearly at right angles with the rod, at least if the angler is casting across the water. The centre of that lower portion of the stream looked very inviting, but as it was beyond our own reach by ordinary casting, and besides, by courtesy, belonged for the time being rather to our friends than ourselves, we indulged in no covetous designs regarding it. But after nearly an hour of unsuccessful labor on the part of the triumvirate, our companions laid down their rods upon the sloping heathery bank behind, and themselves on a more smooth and open spot of turfy verdure, and soon was the surrounding air made odorous by the softly spreading vapor of cigars. We thought there was now no harm in trying the central portion of the tail of the stream, *per fas aut nefas*. And this we did without moving from our position on the cruive, but not by casting, which the distance made impossible. We simply let out with the hand the requisite length of reel-line, which the swift coursing water carried speedily away downwards, with our fly at the far end, and in this way we soon reached the desired portion of the stream. We had scarcely *hung* our fly for a few seconds with a waving motion in the precise piece of water which had so often been traversed by *cross* angling so immediately before, than we raised and hooked a fine fresh-run fish. Our only fear now was of his taking himself down the water, as our line was already far spent, and we could not very rapidly have made our way

along the large stones of the cruive-dyke, and up a steep rough knoll on the river-side, between the end of that dyke and the lower portion of the stream where the fish had been hooked, and was now gambolling. But he behaved most considerately, went splashing downwards at first for a few yards (*we* had very few to spare, but of this the salmon was probably not aware), and then came towards us just fast enough to admit of our reeling in a bountiful supply of line, and then, after cutting his capers for ten or twelve minutes within reasonable distance, he ran his snout close in shore, where he grubbed about for the first and last time, being speedily gaffed by one of our companions. — P. S. No sooner was our fly taken out of his mouth, and set at liberty, than we again pursued a similar course, and immediately raised, hooked, and killed another fish, exactly in the same manner. We never moved from our position a single inch the whole time. Now, there is no doubt that both of these salmon had seen and resisted two excellent and very taking flies, brought skilfully over them, but cross-ways, and somewhat too rapidly, many times immediately before we hooked them. So much for *hovering*.

We dare not now venture on any comparison between the peculiar pleasures afforded by our great southern river, the Tweed, and such as are yielded by our more northern waters. No stream in Britain equals the Tweed for the *quantity* of killing sport that may be obtained in it, especially if under the auspices of the powers that be. We are ourselves practically norse-men, the "northern powers" having hitherto accorded every kindness both to ourselves and friends. And is not the *quality* or nature of that northern sport the more intellectual and exciting of the two? We think it is, and so does our ingenious "Scottish Angler," even although his household hearth, and all his home affections, are now concentrated by the banks of the great border river.

"When I speak, however, of salmon-fishing," says Mr. Stoddart, "I renounce all allusion to it as practised under that name by the aristocratic frequenters of certain portions of the Tweed. To those who live at a distance from this river, the feats recorded and vaunted of from time to time by these noble piscatores, may appear, as displays of skill and craft, highly creditable to the parties engaged. To the spectators of them, they are, in many instances, next thing to farcical, quite undeserving the name and character of feats of sport, and in reality are no more the achievements of those professing to execute them, than Punch and Judy is the veritable unassisted performance of a set of wooden puppets." — p. 246.

"But I come to the description of the sport

itself, so termed, although in my opinion but partially entitled to that designation, so far, at least, as regards the skill and judgment on the part of the angler, and also in respect to the kind of salmon forming the majority of those killed, and which, in the spring season, consist, with comparatively few exceptions, of kelts and baggits. These, although they sometimes run long and sullenly, are very far from having the activity of clean-run salmon; moreover, they are totally unfit, after being captured, for human use, retaining neither the internal curdiness nor rich taste of properly conditioned fish. As exercising, moreover, the ingenuity of the sportsman, they are quite at fault, possessing a voracity that, on occasion of great success, induces disgust and satiety rather than satisfaction or triumph.

"For my own part I would rather capture in spring a single newly-run salmon than a whole boat-load of kelts. Yet these, and no others, are the fish frequently vaunted of as affording, under the name of salmon, amusement to some brainless boaster, some adept by purchase, not by skill, in the noble art of angling. For, let me ask, what all the science displayed by this sort of salmon-slayer consists of? Is he versed in the mysteries of rod and tackle, taught by experience what fly to select—when, where, or how to fish? Is this amount of knowledge at all necessary? Nothing of the kind. The performer has no will or say in the matter. In every act, in the choice of his fly and casting-line, in the position and management of the boat, he is under the control of the tacksman. By him he is directed where to heave his hook, and, if a novice, how. Nothing is left for his own fancy or discretion. He has forfeited all freedom of action. Nay more, he is fettered with the presence of his griping taskmaster. Enough it is that he pays, and that handsomely, for the sport so termed, of hauling within reach of the gaff-hook a miserable kelt or two, which, when secured, he sees no more of, and is unable, unless by purchase, to exhibit as a trophy to his friends."—p. 248.

"That salmon-fishing, as practised from the boat on Tweed, is upon the whole a very agreeable recreation, affording exercise and some measure of joyous excitement to the person engaged in it, I do not mean to deny; but it is not, to my mind, nearly so pleasurable or satisfactory a sport as when pursued on foot. Give me a stream which I can readily command, either from the bank, or by means of wading—a dark, hill-fed water, like the Lochie or the Findhorn, full of breaks, runs, pools, and gorges—give me the waving birch-wood, the cliff and ivyed scaur, tenanted by keen-eyed kestrel or wary falcon—more than this, give me solitude, or the companionship—not less relishable—of some ardent and kindred spirit, the sharer of my thoughts and felicity—give me, in such a place, and along with such an onlooker, the real sport of salmon-fishing—the rush of some veteran water monarch, or the gambol and caracol of a plump new-run grilse, and talk no more of that monotonous and spiritless resemblance of the pastime,

which is followed by the affluent, among the dubs and dams of our border river."—p. 250.

And now, what says that accomplished painter and piscator, Mr. Scrope, whose very mind and body both, have been steeped for twenty years in Tweed's fair streams, and who has immortalized himself by those immortal waters? We shall not put him to the question, nor the question to him, although we dare to say that "his heart's in the Highlands,"—at any rate he confessedly prefers all running streams, wherever placed, to the injurious and rebounding sea.

"No; the wild main I trust not. Rather let me wander beside the banks of the tranquil streams of the warm South, 'in the yellow meads of Asphodel,' when the young spring comes forth, and all nature is glad; or if a wilder mood comes over me, let me clamber among the steep slopes of the North, beneath the shaggy mountains, where the river comes foaming and raging everlastingly, wedging its way through the secret glen, whilst the eagle, but dimly seen, cleaves the winds and the clouds, and the dun deer gaze from the mosses above. There, amongst gigantic rocks, and the din of mountain torrents, let me do battle with the lusty salmon, till I drag him into day, rejoicing in his bulk, voluminous and vast."

As usual, Mr. Scrope is right. Both are best, and we ought to accept of either with grateful hearts.

"Farewell!—a word that must be, and hath been, A sound which makes us linger."

We request Mr. Scrope to give us the benediction.

"Farewell, then, dear brothers of the angle; and when you go forth to take your pleasure, either in the mountain stream that struggles and roars through the narrow pass, or in the majestic salmon-river that sweeps in lucid mazes through the vale, may your sport be ample, and your hearts light! But should the fish prove more sagacious than yourselves—a circumstance, excuse me, that is by no means impossible; should they, alas!—but fate avert it,—reject your hooked gifts, the course of the river will always lead you to pleasant places. In these we leave you to the quiet enjoyment of the glorious works of the Creation, whether it may be your pleasure to go forth when the spring sheds its flowery fragrance, or in the more advanced season, when the sere leaf is shed incessantly, and wafted on the surface of the swollen river."—*North British Review*.



Translated for the Daguerreotype.

## FRANCE AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

If we contemplate the history of France since the days of Richelieu, we discern the progress of an idea, which was originated by the cardinal and which found its fulfilment in Louis the Fourteenth. It is the idea of the absolute state, which the king himself most clearly expressed in the memorable words: "I am the state."

"I am the state," said Louis the Fourteenth; but soon the French nation exclaimed: "the people is the state." The historical idea which Richelieu had originated, had been fulfilled in Louis, and as history seems to delight in contrasts, the opposite idea arose out of its dissolution. This opposite idea is the sovereignty of the people, which in the beginning, boldly threw itself into the form of the republic, but at last timidly sought an asylum in the constitution. The Empire, which lies between these, is only the warlike Midsummer-night's dream of the French, in which Napoleon appears as the brazen Puck, who turns the whole world topsy turvy, provides the royal Bottoms with asses heads, and makes them enamoured of the Titanias of the European Powers. But for France Napoleon was a misfortune, inasmuch as he absorbed the interest of the people. He converted the French Nation into a French army. He, who loved the people only when it was in uniform, and hated and feared it when clad in the blouse, he robbed it of its power of being sovereign. After him the sovereignty fell into the hands of those who had looked on, who had remained at home and tied up parcels and jobbed in stocks, — into the hands of the shopkeepers, of the bourgeoisie.

While Napoleon was pouring out the blood of the people abroad, the citizen power was growing at home. And when the people returned, beaten and miserable, the bourgeoisie was ready to receive it, and to say: "work; learn to weave, and to make gloves; we will give you employment; you shall be allowed to eat and to drink, and to bring up children; but you must let us rule; we have the money, we have the power, we are sovereign, — we, grocers and stockjobbers."

The people had been made weak, and was forced to submit; it sold its sovereignty for a mess of pottage, as Esau did his birthright. The bourgeoisie became de facto sovereign; the bourgeoisie, of whom Louis Blanc affirms that it overturned Napoleon and raised Louis the Eighteenth to the throne, and that all the polit-

ical movements of the restoration were only its endeavours to enslave the royal power, without destroying it.

And why should not the bourgeoisie do this? It paid for history; it hired the people to make historical facts, in accordance with its own wishes and commands. Charles the Tenth, who, as is hereditary in his family, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing, fell mechanically into the old modes of government, which had been in fashion before 1792. This was by no means owing to a bad disposition, it was only the traditional habit. But this habit had become unfashionable, and the bourgeoisie were offended by it; it drew itself up and said, we must revolutionize; we will hire the fists of the people.

The people? Yes, the people, which the bourgeoisie had held in check by work ("*Le travail est un frein*," said Guizot), was let loose in order to furnish history. This history was dictated by Laffitte, the banker. This banker was a good, honest man; he had a great deal of money, and carried his hands in his pockets: he was king of the bourgeoisie. The revolution cost him some sweat, but it cost the people, the poor foolish people, blood. What did it fight for? The liberty of the press? Surely not! they had no time to read newspapers. For the election franchise? Just as little! there was no idea of giving it to them. Well, what did it fight for? It fought for a fancy; it fought for its recollections. It was thinking of the republic, of the Emperor.

And assuredly for brave soldier-spirits here was inducement enough; and they were mostly brave soldier-spirits, who in 1830 fought in the streets of Paris for the bourgeoisie. How they rejoiced! How they dreamed! They thought their Emperor must come again to them, must bring back to them their old glory. In their enthusiasm they spurned the pay of the bourgeoisie; we fight, said they, for our honor. Sad illusion! They were fighting for the bourgeoisie; the bourgeoisie which celebrated the happy accomplishment of the revolution by a dinner at the *Hotel de Ville* in honor of Lafayette, to which four hundred guests sat down. The hungry people stood below in the dark street and murmured. What mattered it? The bourgeoisie had gained its end; it had got its charter, its king; it had Louis Philippe.

If Louis the Fourteenth was king of the no-

bility, and Napoleon king of the army, Louis Philippe is king of the bourgeoisie. He is the king of suburban cits, of discount-agents, of grocers, shoemakers and glovers. What the sceptre by the grace of God was to Louis the Fourteenth, what the sword was to Napoleon, that the umbrella is to Louis Philippe. The umbrella! what a charming picture for the bourgeoisie: a king who walks with an umbrella under his arm. That is the right kind of king; a king who receives ambassadors in his drawers, who loves the Marseillaise, and walks arm in arm with Laffitte. Let it not be supposed that I am ridiculing Louis Philippe, on the contrary I respect him. He did what under the circumstances had to be done: he became a citizen-king. This was no trifle, especially as he was the first of the kind, and had no model. He governs on original principles, while other monarchs govern by tradition. They rule according to Frederick the Great, or Joseph the Second, or Henry the Fourth. Louis Philippe rules according to himself, and according to circumstances; and as soon as he ceases to rule thus, he will cease to rule at all. His government is a matter of business, and as such he undertook it. Louis Blanc relates that on the road from the Palais Royal to the Hotel de Ville, where his dynasty was to receive the sanction of the people, Laffitte said to him, "*la chose va bien*," to which he replied, "*elle ne va pas mal*;" two merchants, conversing upon a speculation which they had undertaken, could not have spoken of it in a more business-like manner.

There are three men whose names are connected with that epoch, of whom we would say a few words. The first is Talleyrand, a man who always excited more interest than he deserved. His talent consisted in taking advantage of the weaknesses of human nature. "*Il vivait*," says Louis Blanc, "*de la bêtise humaine*." His strength was the unexampled coolness with which he adapted himself to the existing state of things. He never took pains to calculate what would happen; on the contrary he took no interest in any thing until it existed as a fact. He knew nothing of plans, designs, illusions: his mind was too barren to be able to give itself up to dreams and speculations. And because he never thought of what would happen, he was never taken by surprise by what did happen; he took things as they came, without having to give up a wish, a hope, or an expectation.

But if he had not the gift of divination for the future, he had the more for the past; he could trace, as no one else has ever been able to do, all the slender threads, the poor and frequently contemptible materials of which great and important fabrics are composed. While his con-

temporaries only knew what a thing was, he knew also how it was; he knew the mysteries of what they knew only the importance. And this is the secret of the influence, which during his whole life-time he exercised over them.

But it is ridiculous to describe him as the modern French oracle, which dictated the course of events. It was easy to be an oracle, when every thing was accomplished. It is said that Louis Philippe accepted the crown, only because Talleyrand said "*il faut accepter*;" but all the world knew that he would give this advice, and Louis Philippe knew it better than any one else. What did it matter to Talleyrand who ruled over France? Marie Louise, the Bourbons, or Louis Philippe; it was all the same to him; he was necessary to Robespierre; he was equally so to Napoleon: he would be so to any one. "I am a necessity to France," were his own words, because he felt that all the world believed it, except himself. What cared he, who was regent,—the King of Rome, or the Duke of Bordeaux;—he would govern; he would be, as the French say, "*le roi sous cape*;" and this he was able to be, only by cheating the revolution.

By the side of Talleyrand we see a man of whom the reverse is true, and who was himself cheated by the revolution. Lafayette, the hero and citizen of America, was for a time the most popular man in France, or at least in Paris. The people honored, the youth loved him. He would have been able to accomplish great things, if he had possessed more spirit of enterprise; or, more properly speaking, if he had been more ambitious and less virtuous. In his anxiety not to abuse the great influence which he possessed, he preferred not to make use of it at all. Instead of determining the fate of France, he modestly allowed himself to be pushed aside; thus he became a tool where he might have been the creator. "What Lafayette wanted," says Louis Blanc, "was a firm will; he was always too timid to guide events, and yet not sufficiently abstinent to resign them altogether into other hands. Power charmed, but at the same time terrified him; full of courage, he was yet deficient in daring: the only head which he would unhesitatingly have consigned to the scaffold, would have been his own."

Very different was a third conspicuous man of this epoch, namely, Chateaubriand. This poetical Don Quixote of legitimacy squandered away firmness of character upon a truly ridiculous idea, which unfortunately became a monomania with him. But this idea has in him something attractive, because it is contained in the touching and melancholy elements of his poetry. He feels that the world is not happy, that the



nobility is dishonored, the throne desecrated, religion despised and freedom lost. In legitimacy he seeks the remedy for all this; if legitimacy is re-established, then all will once more become great and beautiful. Who would grudge a poet his dream? And besides, it is of no consequence in what the error of Chateaubriand consists, for Chateaubriand would be in error, even if it were not on this point. Legitimacy is accidental with him; if it should be established, the poet would lament for something else; lament he must, for he would still fail to find that which he seeks, the happiness and peace of the world.

These three persons, Talleyrand, Lafayette, and Chateaubriand have been here characterized, because in them are represented three elements of the French revolutionary epoch, namely, the perfidious, the honest, and the romantic. They were all three powerful and influential, and each reader may judge which of the three gained the victory. Recent events will readily enable him to decide the question; but there is another more difficult of solution; how will it be, when they once more come into conflict?

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There now reigns a universal discontent; workmen are revolting, communists are scattering inflammatory letters, and even children are appearing as the apostles of the revolution. I lately saw a large troupe of them wandering through the streets by night; they were boys and girls, from six to twelve years of age, poor, miserable things, half-starved and clothed in rags. Like shadows they flitted through the moving masses of the Boulevards, stopped in the very thickest of the crowd, and chanted low, wailing strains of misery. Sighs and tears resounded from their midst, complaints of poverty, and curses against wealth. The name of Louis Philippe was likewise heard, and that not in the

most flattering manner. The crowds who stood around listening to these daring little singers, clenched their fists, or wiped a tear from their eyes. As in the middle ages children undertook a crusade, so now they undertake to oppose the government. Nor is this the only thing which alarms the king and his ministers. The theatres are doing the same thing; I allude especially to the new play of 'The Rag-gatherer,' by Felix Pyat. It was with reference to this piece that a member of the chamber of peers recently complained of the tendency of those dramas, which represent every virtue as to be found only on the side of poverty, and every vice on that of wealth.

The *Journal des Debats* is loud in its lamentations; all, says the ministerial organ, is lost; order is destroyed; anarchy is raising her hideous head; we are falling into the abyss of communism; the ruin of the human race is at hand! The occasion for this cry of terror is furnished neither by the universal corruption which is seen to exist, nor by the abuse of power, but by the banquet at Chateau-Rouge! That is the death blow to the human race, the "*tête hideuse de l'anarchie*." Odillon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, Léon Maleville and fifty-eight of their associates have been so "infamous" as to be present at a banquet at which the health of the king was not one of the toasts!

Guizot as yet stands firm, but there is a fermentation going on in France, the volcano of European civilization, which threatens to become dangerous to those who are in Paris, the crater of that volcano. The disposition of the people is daily becoming more unfavorable, poverty louder in its demands, and the working classes bolder and more consistent in their threats. We stand perhaps nearer, than is supposed, to a great revolution. "*Aujourd'hui des beaux rêves, et demain du sang!*" as the French play has it.

— *Telegraph*.

## HOW SOLDIERS ARE MADE IN PRUSSIA.

Whatever strictures may be passed on the policy and tendencies of the Prussian Kings, there can be but one opinion with regard to the principles which have always led them in the general organization of their armies. Prussia is a decidedly military state: the Prussians are a military nation throughout. That country occupies a territory of no more than 5000 square miles, with a population of less than fourteen millions. By extent and by the number of its inhabitants it ranks among the second-class states

of Europe: but by means of its military system it has acquired, and seemingly still possesses, a first-rate influence in European politics. This has always been the case: and though the course of events sometimes changed the minor features of the system, the fundamental principle has remained unaltered. That principle is the principle of intimidation: it is to acquire influence by means of an imposing attitude, to command respect on the strength of a numerical superiority. The Prussian State has always relied on a large

and well-drilled army. It may be said that the great problem, "how to keep the greatest number of men for the smallest given sum of money?" has been satisfactorily solved by the Kings of that country. The Prussian Kings cannot boast of any hereditary talent for generalship running in their family. Two of them only, the Great Elector, and Frederic I., showed themselves competent to the chances of war and the leadership of armies; but a strong talent for *Sergeantship* is unquestionably developed in the bumps of all the heads of the family of Hohenzollern. The Prussian Kings were always great drill-masters; they could at all times defy the whole world on parade; they are capital hands at the organization and minor discipline of a regiment. They always delighted in the leadership of a company of the Grenadier Guards. The Princes of that house are soldiers from their very cradle. The moment a male infant is born, he is enrolled on the lists of some regiment; when he can scarcely walk, he is drilled for the parade. A Prussian Prince is a lieutenant at four, and a colonel at fourteen years of age; and what is more, his knowledge of the routine of barrack service at those respective ages is almost equal to that of most lieutenants and colonels in the Prussian army. He knows all the rules and regulations of the service, as far as they regard the dress and appearance of the soldiers; he has been taught to march in the ranks, and to keep his distance to a hair; his eye has been sharpened to the finding out of a speck of dust on a grenadier's musket, or a fusilier's cartridge-box; he knows all the signals on the bugle, and talks as a connoisseur of the merits of a grand review. Some of the Prussian Princes are great amateurs in military tailoring. The late King of Prussia, Frederic William III., belonged to that class. He had a curious collection of dummies, as large as life, dressed in the different uniforms of the officers, sergeants, and privates of all his regiments. It was his great pleasure, and seemed almost to be the object of his life, to walk about the rooms containing this collection, and to improve on the costumes. He shortened a cuff, or lengthened a collar, or tried what an additional inch in breadth would do for the strap of a knapsack. Any change on which he determined was immediately introduced among all the corresponding regiments in the army. Unluckily he consulted only his taste in these alterations, and never gave a thought to the comfort or convenience of the soldier who was to wear the uniform. It looked well, at least to him: that was enough. The coats, czakos, and straps of his invention were so many instruments of torture. The fatigues of a few years' parade service were enough to ruin the strongest constitutions. Brain

fever, loss of hair, inflammation of the eyes, and consumption decimated the Prussian army in the very midst of peace, and did more execution among them, than a batch of battles could have done. The present King of Prussia seems to favor the dummy-school less than a certain martial appearance, breadth of shoulder and profusion of beard, which give his soldiers the appearance of having come back from the middle ages. It may be said, to his praise, that he invented his clothes first, and next tried them on, to see how they would wear. This is more than can generally be said of the inventors of military hats and coats.

We have said before that the Prussians are essentially a military nation, and it may be right to add, that their kings have made them so. They came to the throne, and they maintained their possession of it by military force. They were, for a long time, the kings of their army: their dominion ended with their outposts. They were soldiers and always wore the uniform. It was on their army they had to rely: their other subjects could only come into consideration so far as they provided the food and pay of the soldiers. The Prussian kings have proclaimed the principle, and they have acted up to it: that the army ranks highest in the kingdom. It would be needless to inquire how far this principle is just and right. It is enough that it served their turn. Military persons were always much more forwarded than civilians. The military profession was, for a long time, and is, to a certain extent, even now, the only one by which a Prussian can obtain a station in the society of his own country. The royal table and the palace are, in a manner, open to every lieutenant; that is to say, the etiquette of the court prevents civilians, even of a very high rank, from appearing at court, while it admits all military officers of the rank of a lieutenant. A system from which regulations like these emanate cannot have been in force for any length of time without exercising a strong influence on the minds of the people. The army in Prussia excites not that curiosity and that romantic enthusiasm which other armies are the objects of, but it is, nevertheless, an object of general and serious interest.

There is, indeed, nowhere so close a connection between military and private life, as in Prussia. In that country there is no barrier, no line of demarcation between the civilian and the soldier. Every civilian of moderate size and strength has either been a soldier or he is preparing to enter on that career. Only one third of the Prussian soldiers wear the red and blue coat and the king's cockade. The other two thirds go about in the dress of peasants, of mer-



chants, of mechanics, of tradesmen: they are in the church, in the schools, in the courts of justice. It is almost impossible to walk three yards in any Prussian town without meeting a soldier. He is not a yeoman or a militiaman: no, he is a *bonâ fide* soldier, whose years of drill are over, and whose exercise and manœuvring is by far more regular and correct than that of the troops of the line. The distinguishing feature of the Prussian army and of military life in that country lies in the conscriptional radicalism of her recruiting system. Recruiting by conscription is by no means a new invention; the thing has often been tried by the arbitrary rulers of different countries, and some modifications of that system are even now in force in some of the continental states. But however severe these systems of conscription may be, there is always a loophole for rank and wealth to escape through; and whatever the provisions of the statute may have been in theory, the burden of military service fell always on the poorer classes of the people. Such is not the case in Prussia. The framers of the present military system were even more severe with the wealthy than with the indigent; for a man may be excused from military service on the plea of the poverty of his family; whereas no riches whatever can save a strong, healthy young "gentleman" from being enlisted. The Prussian legislators are not generally over-careful of the poorer classes; but in their military legislature it was their plan to make the army an object of interest to the people at large, and especially to the most influential members of the community. They were very right in presuming that the best way to do this, was to enlist wealth and influence.

The Prussian law of conscription is most simple and sweeping. Every able-bodied native of the Prussian dominions is bound to serve the State as a soldier, from the beginning of his twentieth year till he has reached the age of fifty. That is the fundamental principle. Such a law, if adopted by a free country like England, would be an example of the generosity and heroic devotion of the people, the like of which is not to be found in history. In a country like Prussia it is nothing more than a most arbitrary measure, which, strange to say, has hitherto had some good effects, and done little harm. The law is a very fair one, in so far as its burden lies alike on all classes and all ranks. It is vigorously executed. A Commission, consisting of a major of the army, a lieutenant, and an army physician, sits during the first weeks of May in the principal town of every borough. All the young men of that district who in that year enter the age of twenty are bound to appear before this Commission. It is a very curi-

ous sight to see them arrive from all parts of the country, dressed in their best dresses, and excited by their anticipations of military life, to which many of them look forward with great joy. They are usually accompanied by the principal civil officers of their respective parishes, who take their places at the board, for the purpose of protecting those of their parishioners whose circumstances entitle them to a dispensation from military service. The young men are marched up in files, measured, and examined by the doctor. If they are too small or too weak, they are told to come back next year; if crippled and totally disabled they are at once struck out of the list. Those whom the doctor declares fit for service are successively called upon by their names, to show cause why they should not be enlisted to serve in the army. Young men of good conduct, who can prove that their parents are unable to provide for themselves, are put back for one or two years, until their brothers and sisters are grown up. The only son of an aged and poor couple is usually set down as free; the only son of a widow is free by an especial provision of the statute. All applications for freedom from military service are sifted with the utmost severity: poverty is almost exclusively the *availing* plea. The effect of a man's being married is of no help to him. He is told he had no business to marry before he appeared before the Commission. All fit and proper persons — usually eight out of ten — are dismissed till the first week of August, when they have to appear before another Commission, which is emphatically called the *Grand Commission*. Its business is to distribute the recruits among the different troops and regiments of the service. Each man is again carefully examined. The finest and tallest fellows are picked out to serve in the guards. Those who can prove that they belong to the profession of huntsmen and foresters, are sent to join the rifle-brigade. Powerful and active fellows are distributed among the horse artillery, the cuirassiers, and lancers. Young men of lesser size are incorporated in the light cavalry, and infantry. Eight days after the Grand Commission has been held, the recruits are again assembled, and marched off to join their respective regiments. Their term of service in the ranks is three years. It is a very short time for a soldier to learn the whole of his duty in: and indeed the Prussian recruits are almost too much worked in the first six weeks of their service. They must learn to handle their muskets and sabres, and to march in files. They have from six to eight hours' drilling each day, besides attending at three musters, when their dress and appearance is minutely inspected by the officers. When the

rudiments of the service have been taught the recruits, they are at once received into their respective companies and battalions, and instructed in the field service, to march and manœuvre in companies, in regiments, in brigades and in divisions. They are practised in shooting at the mark and fighting with the bayonet; and those who do not know reading and writing are taught to do so. Each soldier has, moreover, to attend for one or two hours a day at a school, where an officer first lectures, and then examines on various theoretical points connected with the service. They are taught how to behave on guard, in the field, in bivouac; they learn something of the nature and qualities of fire-arms, and some of the fundamental rules of field fortification. Many of the young soldiers make great progress: others, on the contrary, are extremely stupid. Hackländer, in his "*Sketches of a Soldier's Life*,"\* tells an amusing anecdote of a recruit of the artillery, who could not be made to understand and remember what gunpowder was made of. The lieutenant, who lectured on gunnery was in despair. The fellow could not remember the three articles: brimstone, charcoal, and saltpetre. The moment they told him, he forgot all about it. The colonel of the brigade was at last informed of the circumstance, and tried what *he* could do. "Gunpowder is made of saltpetre, charcoal, and brimstone," said the colonel, "now tell me: what is gunpowder made of?" "It is made of charcoal — and brimstone — and — and". In fact he knew not. The colonel fancied the poor fellow was bewildered, and frightened by the idea of talking to one so high in command as himself. "Well," said he, "I see how it is," and taking off his hat with the large white plume, he put on a gunner's forage cap. "Now," said the colonel to the recruit, "you must forget that I am your colonel. Think I am your old friend and comrade, Jack, the gunner. Can you manage to fancy that?" "Yes." "Very well! Now, I come to you, saying, 'My dear fellow, do tell me what the deuce is gunpowder made of?'" What would you answer to that? Speak freely!" The recruit thought for a moment, and then said: "What would I answer? I'd say: 'Do n't ask me questions. You know much better what gunpowder is made of than I do!'"

Besides the necessity the Prussian generals are under, of finishing the education of their soldiers in three years, there seems to be the very prudent maxim among them, that a soldier must be hard worked to prevent him from getting demoralized and mischievous. Indeed, a

private soldier in the crack regiments has scarcely one hour of the twenty-four which he can call his own. He is busy from morning till night; he is always either on duty or preparing for duty. Sunday afternoon is, in fact, the only free time for a Prussian soldier, and even then he has not much time for mischief, for at eight o'clock the *retreat* is sounded. A great deal of bad behaviour is in this manner prevented, and the young men are accustomed to habits of cleanliness, industry, and good order. Besides their military duty, they learn a great many things, which in after life are very useful to them. They are taught, by necessity, to wash their linen, to mend their clothes, and to cook their dinners. A certain number of men, headed by an officer, are every day on duty in the kitchen. The officer has to see to the quality and quantity of the materials provided for the common dinner, and the men prepare the victuals and cook them. No soldier leaves the Prussian service without having acquired the rudiments of the art of cookery. Almost every article which is used in the barracks is manufactured by the soldiers themselves; their clothes, too, are made in a regimental tailor's shop, the foreman of which is a sergeant, who has given satisfactory proofs of his proficiency in the trade. This system is a capital one, on account of its cheapness. Indeed, it would be next to impossible for a country like Prussia, without colonies, and with none but her internal resources, to keep an army of between two to three hundred thousand men, if each individual soldier were one half as expensive as the soldiers of other nations — for example, the English. A Prussian soldier gets about three halfpence a day for his food, but out of this he has to provide blacking and pipe-clay for the cleaning of his shoes and arms. Besides, he has two pounds of bread a day. An English reader will fancy that the soldiers must be half-starved on so meagre an allowance, but it is no such thing. The young peasants never look so stout and blooming as during the years of their military service — it fattens them. Most of them sell one half of their allowance of bread to the poorer population in the neighbourhood of the barracks. The lower classes are very fond of the king's bread; it is very good, and the soldiers give it much cheaper than the bakers. An infantry soldier costs the king of Prussia for his clothes, arms, and victuals, between six and seven pounds a year. The expenses of the cavalry and artillery are proportionably greater. But the grand economic feature of the plan is, that after a three years' service, the man is sent back to his home to follow his trade or a profession. From that moment he costs almost nothing, and yet he is still a soldier. It is to the

\* *Das Soldatenleben im Frieden.* Von F. W. Hackländer. Vierte Auflage. Stuttgart, 1848. London, Williams et Norgate.



Generals Scharnhorst and Gneisenau that the Prussian State owes that admirable system of national defence, which is commonly known by the name of the Landwehr. According to this system the troops of the line are, in fact, only soldiers in training— young men to whom the state gives a military education. When that education is finished, they enter the regiments in which they have to pass the greater part of their lives, viz., from twenty-three to fifty. The military duties of the Landwehr are, in time of peace, very limited. The men of each battalion have, at certain times of the year (usually on Sunday afternoon), to assemble to muster and practise shooting at a mark. To keep them in military training, they are, once a year, collected in regiments or brigades, and, under the superintendence of the staff-officers of the line, practise field service and manœuvring for a term of from three to six weeks. This Landwehr is, indeed, the real military force of the country. Their uniforms and arms, the harness of their horses, their guns and field equipage, are kept in large storehouses in the provincial towns, ten to twenty miles apart. Their cavalry is mounted by means of those horses belonging to private individuals that are fit for field service, and for the use of which a certain sum is paid. Several trials have been made, and it has been found that the whole body of the Landwehr can be under arms and on duty on their different stations within eight days after the general order has been issued from Berlin. The Prussian line and Landwehr together muster in such a case above five hundred thousand men. To assemble a force of from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand men, at any given place in the Prussian dominions, would require no more than three days' time.

It presents a strange spectacle and one which would make an impartial observer question the prudence of the system, to see so powerful a force under an arbitrary and unpopular government. There can be no doubt that the three hundred thousand men, Prussian Landwehr, are a formidable army to oppose to any invading enemy. But in the case of a revolution, they would be much more formidable to the government which should incur their displeasure. It has been generally considered a bold experiment to arm the people at large. The Prussian government have been bolder still; they have instructed the people at large in the use of arms and the tactics of warfare. The revolutionary bands of most countries are awed and effectually restrained by the presence of an organized military force. They have the advantage of strength and numbers, but they are conquered by superior skill. They may barricade the streets of a

town, but they are out-manœuvred in the field. They are, in plain words, a rabble, a mob; they are unaccustomed to act in concert, and if they have arms, they do not know the collective use of them. In Prussia the case is different. Two thirds of any Prussian mob are soldiers. A party of rioters want but a commander to draw up in ranks and files, and to form a regiment. If they storm an arsenal, and find muskets, they are prepared to fire in volleys or in ranks, to form a column or a square, and to charge with the point of the bayonet. If they carry off a cannon, there are the artillerymen ready to work it. They enter the storehouse as a mob, and leave it as an army. They have been broken to the trade of arms, and their strength is likely to surpass that of the troops of the line.

It is but justice to the originators of the Prussian Landwehr to say, that this formidable plan was adopted for the express purpose of the expulsion of the French armies from Prussia, and at a time when an unpopular government could not be thought of in that country. The Landwehr was first organized when the late King of Prussia, Frederick William III., promised his subjects constitutional liberty, if they succeeded in restoring him to the throne. It need scarcely be observed, that that promise has been most shamefully broken by the late king, and no less shamefully evaded by his successor, Frederic William IV.

The aristocratic feelings of an Englishman would perhaps revolt at the idea that, "gentlemen by birth and education," should be forced to live for three years among, and share the barrack-room with, a set of peasants and mechanics; and some such idea seems to have influenced the Prussian War-office, when they issued their very judicious regulations on the subject of *volunteers*. The Prussian government have, indeed, found it necessary to make some distinctions, and they have proceeded from the principle, that the mere casualty of birth, or the possession of a certain annual income, cannot make a "gentleman;" and that he who claims to be treated as such, at the hands of the state, ought to furnish some more convincing proofs of his "gentility." A man who has the advantage of education, and of a certain income, may, if he chooses, apply to be examined by a Commission appointed for that purpose; and after having passed his examination he is entitled to the privilege of a volunteer. He enters the army on the condition of receiving no pay, and of finding his own accoutrements, board, and lodging. His military education lasts but a twelvemonth: the officers are bound to treat him with greater respect than the mass of the soldiers,

from whom he is distinguished by a thin border of yellow round his shoulderflaps. He is not bound to keep in doors after the *retreat*; and after mounting one guard, he is at liberty to hire other soldiers to mount the guard instead of him. After one year's service he has to undergo another examination, which, if successful, entitles him to the rank of officer in the Landwehr. His clothes on duty are of the same coarse cloth as those of the other privates, but he is generally permitted to wear a uniform of better materials in his hours of recreation. Mr. Hackländer, whose adventures in the Prussian army have greatly amused us, was not allowed the latter privilege; and an excess of youthful vanity, which led him to disobedience, was quickly discovered and punished. "We found it very annoying," said Mr. Hackländer (speaking of himself and his fellow-volunteers), "that we should no longer be permitted to wear our own clothes, with a nice clean waistcoat peeping through the negligent buttoning of the jacket. It was awkward, too, to wear the heavy regulation sabre, when we went out, in lieu of our own private swords, with belts of white patent-leather and gilt buckles, which were exactly like those worn by the officers of the brigade. We talked the matter over (*en petite comité*) on a Sunday afternoon, and agreed to show off in the town with all the splendor of these prohibited articles of finery. But we resolved at the same time, *nem. con.* to proceed to the gates by back ways and deserted alleys, and—if our colonel should happen to meet us—to run for it. Consequently, we sallied out from the barracks in a most punishable disorder. One of us had a pair of black trowsers on, another wore a patent swordbelt; a third almost strangled himself with an enormous cravat, and shirt collars to match; as for me, I wore my jacket all open, with a white waistcoat under it. We had proceeded through some streets—with fear and trembling of course—when all on a sudden the cry of terror was heard: 'There goes the colonel!' We ought to have cut our sticks, but we did no such thing. We were fascinated, spellbound, transfixed. All we could do was to make 'front.' I endeavoured to button my jacket. The fellow with the cravat being nearest to the colonel, tucked his shirt-collar in on one side, but he could not do so on the other, for our colonel came up at that very moment. At first he did not remark the enormities of our toilette, for he began by saying—'Hem! Hem! the young gents look very dashing; I like it.' One of my companions told me afterwards, that he had muttered an inward prayer to God that the colonel might pass by this once. But he did not pass by. All on a sudden he looked fear-

fully black; he had seen those confounded shirt-collars, and seizing them, he pulled them out to the whole of their length.

"Oho! what is that? dog of a million!" cried Colonel Tuck, who had risen from the ranks, and whose language had still a strong flavor of the guard-house. "Oho! what is that? and you" (turning to me)—"I'll be damned if your shirt doesn't stick out of your trousers!"

"I cast an anxious look to the region alluded to, and found that, between haste and fear—Heaven knows how—my jacket had got buttoned awry, and part of my waistcoat was exposed.

"Well!" continued the colonel, "isn't it the shirt? Speak out!"

"Nein Herr Oberst!" muttered I, "it's my waistcoat."

"Hm! Hm! waistcoat? Very well! I'll waistcoat you. And as sure as Heaven's above me, that fellow has got a pair of black breeches! Donnerwetter! Are you aware, sir, that black breeches are expressly forbid in the rules and regulations of his majesty's service? The service, damn it! goes to the devil with such jackanapes! And here's a young snob, that has a swordbelt that would be too good for his colonel! Move on to the barracks, all of you! I'll go with you!"

To the barracks they went, the colonel leading the way, and abusing them all the while. The colonel asked for the serjeant, and ordered him to send the offenders to arrest for twenty-four hours.

The description which Mr. Hackländer gives of a Prussian military prison, justifies the fear which he and his comrades had of their colonel.

"The serjeant," says Mr. Hackländer, "wrote a short note of introduction to the keeper of the prison. We dressed in fatigue suits, and got a piece of black bread of two lbs., which we carried along with us to our new quarters."

A Prussian military prison is always a tower, fitted up for the accommodation, or more justly speaking, the torture of soldiers, under arrest. In the different stories of this tower are wooden cages, of five feet by eight. The doors are exactly like the doors of the cages of a menagerie; each is secured with two strong bars. Above the door is a grated hole of one foot square, to keep the cage airy. There are loop-holes, too, all around the tower. But the doors of the cages are so constructed, as *not* to correspond with the loop-holes: the aperture admits air, but no light. The furniture of each cage consists of a kind of low table (*Pritsche*) to sleep on, a water-jug to drink out of, and a pail for



inexpressible purposes. The prisoner's food is his bread, and his drink the water in the jug. This state of existence is, in Prussian military language, called the "*Middle Arrest*." The "*Lenient Arrest*" is a little less disagreeable, inasmuch as the prisoner is confined in a cell with a window, and accommodated with a straw mattress, a Bible, and the usual barrack allowance of soup and meat. "*Severe Arrest*" is a place where not a ray of daylight ever shines, and where the prisoner must lie on the cold stones. This punishment is usually dictated by a court-martial, and varies from three days to six weeks.

Middle arrest is the common means of discipline in the Prussian army, and Mr. Hackländer came, of course, into middle arrest. The jailor, or Inspector, searched him and his companions for any hidden stores of victuals they might carry about in their pockets and boots, and took away their pocket-handkerchiefs, for nothing beyond the usual articles of fatigue dress is allowed to enter the cage. This was the first time that Mr. Hackländer was under an arrest; he felt revolted at the sight of his new residence. He could not help exclaiming:—

"'Am I to go into this pigsty?' At which the Inspector, a broken serjeant of the infantry, grew very angry, and cried, 'Ha! ha!—Greenhorn! Greenhorn! wants to be better off than other honest folks. Get in! get in!' I obeyed, and the door was bolted. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. I never knew time go so slowly. I counted the quarters by the clock, and fancied there was half an eternity between each. I walked about my cage. Two steps was all I could make. I turned round and round like a wild animal. I ate bread to pass the time. I sat down on the *Pritsche*, counted my fingers and my toes, and drank water. The clock struck; it was but another quarter. I tried to sleep, but my limbs hurt me with lying on the hard wood. I was most shamefully plagued by the blues. All this was, in a manner, bearable during the day, for there was a faint glimmering light in my cage, which rendered it possible to walk to and fro without knocking one's head against the wall. There were also noises from without; the speaking and laughing of the passengers in the street, the calls of the sentinels, and other things, to occupy one's mind. But night came on. It grew as dark as pitch, and dreadfully still. I felt cold, too. I worked as hard as any man could do, to fall asleep. I counted up to one hundred thousand, and conjugated all the irregular verbs. I knew it was all in vain. Then came the faint sound of the bugle; it was the *retreat*. It was nine o'clock. I had to wait eight hours more for day. I

made serious preparations for sleeping. I rolled myself upon my piece of board, like a hedge-hog, and pulling off my jacket, covered my arms and chest with it. It is warmer in that manner. After shifting and changing my position a great many times, I fell asleep, and had one of the wildest possible dreams about heroes and serpents. Something, I know not what, woke me. I had dreamed so much, (thank God!) it must have taken no end of time to do so many things, even in a dream. It must almost be morning. I got up from the *Pritsche*, and moving my limbs, for they were quite stiff, waited patiently until the clock struck. Hark! One—two—three—four—all the quarters!—But what hour?—One—two—three—four—(God be thanked! four o'clock already!)—five—(I jumped up)—six—(impossible! there ought to be more light!)—seven—(Dear me! can it be that it is no more than twelve o'clock?)—eight—nine—*ten*!—I was completely floored. Ten o'clock? Goodness gracious! ten o'clock only! Have I then slept but one single hour? Impossible!—but it was possible. The town clocks, one after another, struck the hour of ten. There was nothing to be done but to go to sleep again; and, after many unsuccessful attempts, I did so. Prison dreams are provokingly disagreeable. In my dream I was no longer the giddy volunteer whom a white waistcoat had brought into trouble—no! I was a murderer, and this was my last night! Morning came; the muskets of the soldiers rang on the floor of the corridor. They had come for me! The bolts of my door were noisily pushed back: a strong light broke dazzlingly upon my eyes. There were the soldiers of the Guard leaning on their muskets, and there was the Inspector creeping into my hole. 'Halloh, Greenhorn! greenhorn! Up with you, Greenhorn!' 'What's the matter?' said I, angrily. 'Confound you, let me sleep!' 'Ah! Ah! Don't chaff me!—don't chaff me!—I am the Inspector, and come to see that all is in good order. So! so! devil's baby, you've taken off your jacket, in the very face of the rules and regulations of His Majesty's service! I've a great mind to report this Greenhorn at the Commandantur, and they don't joke there. Give you three days Middle Arrest, that your soul whistles within you. On with your jacket in double quick time! Ah Greenhorn! you've spit on the floor! What's the pail for?—what's the pail for?' Saying which he hobbled out, and I was again left in the dark."

This was the first, but by no means the last time that the author of the "*Sketches*" was accommodated with free quarters in the tower of Cologne, for the Prussian military code has

two grand penal features; arrest and additional duty. The latter is the most lenient way of punishing negligence and carelessness in the service. Corporal punishment may be said to be almost wholly abolished. Indeed, with a class of soldiers like those of Prussia, such a mode of punishment could never be admissible. Disgraceful offences, such as theft, &c., are however punished by depriving the culprit of the cockade; and, if the offence is repeated, he can then be sentenced by a court-martial to receive a certain number of lashes. Such a case occurs very seldom, for so great is the abhorrence of corporal punishment in Prussia, that the officers themselves will protest against this punishment being resorted to, because "they feel it a disgrace and a torture, since their duty obliges them to attend." Court-martials are, therefore, little inclined to sentence a man to corporal punishment, they prefer sending him into severe arrest for six weeks; or, if the case is very bad, they condemn him to hard labor in a fortress. This punishment varies from three months to three years. Men who have repeatedly deserted from the ranks are punished in this manner.

Mr. Hackländer's book furnishes us with capital specimens of the way in which the discipline is enforced and the duty carried on in the Prussian army. The manner in which the soldiers are treated is akin to the treatment which the boys of a large school receive at the hands of their masters, and their offences emanate, for the most part, from a boyish spirit of laziness and mischief. The majority of the men are, indeed, "children of a larger growth;" their ages varying from seventeen to six-and-twenty. Their soldiering is but another stage of their education; their faults are the faults of their age. There are no inveterate vices to contend with: insubordination is checked in the germ, and habits of drunkenness are extremely rare. The men are too young and too much occupied to get drunk. The greater part of the soldiers, and especially the Volunteers, are extremely fond of boyish freaks; and the officers are often obliged to exert a considerable degree of severity to keep their exuberance of animal spirits within bounds, and to check them in their tricks, or "dumme Streiche," as they emphatically call it. Mr. Hackländer tells us of one of these tricks, by which some of his friends got into trouble. They were on a march, and quartered for the night in a little town; the Volunteers met in the evening to walk through the streets, and to "ulk." This is a slang term. It comprises all the amiable tricks by which very young men become, not unfrequently, public nuisances; it means singing in the streets, ringing the house-

bells, and carrying off the bell-handles, annoying the passengers, changing the sign-boards of the shops and public-houses, breaking windows, etc. One of the favorite "ulks" of the Volunteers in that brigade was to enter boldly and in a body the door of any large house, and to proceed up stairs to the top of the house, with as little noise as possible, to answer no question from the servants, but on a signal being given, to rush down stairs with clattering of spurs and sabres, laughing and howling. "This trick we had frequently played with impunity, and we were bold in consequence. We found a fine, large house, which seemed expressly built for our purpose: it was four stories high, with broad, comfortable stairs, and lamps on all the landings. The house-door was wide open. So charming an opportunity could not be allowed to pass: we entered, and were met on the first landing by a servant, who wished to be informed whom we wished to see? The great thing was not to answer, but busily and quickly to mount higher up, and so we did. The servant followed us to the door of the loft, when we halted; I turned round and said very coolly, "Does not Mr. Müller live here? Where the deuce is his room?" The servant looked rather sheepish. "There must be some mistake about it, gentlemen," said he, "for there is no Mr. Müller in the house;" at which we set up an appalling howl, dropped our swords noisily on the steps, and rushed down the stairs screeching and clattering. In going up I had led the way, so I brought up the rear in coming down; my sword too got entangled with the bannisters, and my comrades had already gained the lowest stairs, where they howled like so many devils, while I was still clattering down the upper one. No time was to be lost: doors were being opened in all directions. A couple of servants with lights came down stairs after me: I cleared the last ten steps of the second stairs with one bound, and stood suddenly transfixed with terror, for a voice, which I knew but too well, rung at that moment through the house. It was the Colonel!

"'Ho! ho!' roared he, 'confound the good-for-nothing dogs of a million! Tausend Schock Donnerwetter crush you! Ho! ho; a whole troop of them! Stand still all of you. If one of you move I shall do something which I shall be sorry for to-morrow! Lock the doors and send for the guard. You Schwerenöther! I'll have you up before a court-martial!'

"To this moment I am ignorant how I managed to stop myself in my violent rush. I did it somehow. I stood like a statue, pressing my sabre to my breast to prevent its rattling. It was a trying position—the servants above, the Colonel below. Where was I to hide myself?



There was not even a dark corner. At that moment I saw a door at my left slowly open and a light shining through it. I made a violent rush against that door. There may have been some opposition from some person or persons inside, but I did not feel it. In a moment I found my way into a nice little bed-room, where two pretty girls, its inmates, did all they could to make up for their want of drapery by hiding behind the bed-curtains. They trembled violently, but they spoke boldly.

"What can you want here?" said they. "Get out."

"For God's sake, don't betray me!" said I.

"Their answer, if any, was drowned by the voice of the Colonel counting the number of his prisoners.

"Two — four — five! Who told me there were six of them? Where the devil is that fellow Hackländer, for I'm sure he is one of you. Birds of a feather flock together. Look about the house some of you and try to find the young donkey!"

This was the critical moment in Hackländer's adventure, for the ladies seemed almost inclined to give him into custody. However, they did not do so, because (as they afterwards informed our hero), they had brothers who were Volunteers, and who were also fond of making "dumme Streiche." Mr. Hackländer's comrades were marched off to prison, while he escaped. When all was quiet, he was conducted by the girls to a back-door which communicated with the garden; he climbed over the wall, and was in safety. Mr. Hackländer's military career lasted above two years, for it was his intention to get promoted to the grade of officer: indeed, he passed through the ranks of bombardier and serjeant, but quitted the service at the age of nineteen, because he got disgusted with the tedious routine of a soldier's life in peace. He travelled afterwards in Syria and Egypt, as secretary to one of the lesser German princes, and wrote a clever and amusing description of his journey under the title of "Daguerreotypes from the Orient." After his return he was appointed Reader to the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, and has, of late, been attached to the court of that Prince in the quality of "Hofrath." He has, therefore, no reason to regret his having quitted the Prussian service, for unless an officer possesses a private fortune, he is greatly to be pitied. A lieutenant's annual pay comes hardly up to thirty pounds. After deducting the charges for his mess and clothes from his monthly allowance, he has but a few shillings left to meet all his other expenses for the month. His position, as an officer and a gentleman, forces him to keep up appearances, and his pecuniary difficulties make his life one

continual torture, and cause him to envy the lot of the non-commissioned officers, who may do as they please, and whose incomes are comparatively much larger. The case has frequently happened that promotion was offered to non-commissioned officers, but they almost invariably refuse it. They refuse it, not on account of any ill-will or contempt shown to them by the other officers of the regiment, but because they prefer their own comparative affluence, to the semi-starvation of a lieutenancy. The economical principles of Prussia, however judicious and praiseworthy, are very hard upon the poor young men who devote themselves to the service of their country; for there is scarcely any chance of promotion to a higher grade. The lieutenants of a regiment rise by seniority. The death or promotion of a higher officer causes a gap now and then, but it is almost imperceptible in the lower regions. Some time ago I fell in with an Army List of the year 1819, and was led by curiosity to compare it with a list of 1846. I found that a very great number of the junior lieutenants in 1819, were lieutenants still in 1846. Many of them, I knew, had nothing to live on but their pay, and I felt my heart ache at the idea of the sorrow, misery, and hopelessness of these twenty-seven years of their lives. And how long may they yet have to wait till they obtain the rank of captain, and a competency — that is to say, one hundred per annum! Thirty years' service, and at the end of them, one hundred pounds a year, or an annual pension of fifty pounds instead — these are the allurements of a military career in Prussia!

There is a hackneyed proverb about great effects and small causes. The low pay of the Prussian officers may one day be of importance to Europe. There are no hopes for them in time of peace: they are mad for war. "Death or promotion!" is their cry. It has been said that economy is the least important of the reasons which makes the Prussian War Office so cruel to the poor lieutenants, but that they are starved on the same principle as keepers do dogs in a kennel — to make them more eager to hunt down the game. But the experiment, at best, may prove an unsuccessful, if not a dangerous one. Dogs have been known to turn upon their keepers, whom they have devoured. Starvation, though it has produced a warlike enthusiasm in the minds of the Prussian officers, has failed in making them enthusiastic on the subject of the reigning family. They have been demoralised by hopelessness and misery. The proud among them are sullen and discontented; the less lofty of mind are toadies and sponges. Other absolute governments lean on a strong military party; they brave the people by petting

the army. The house of Hohenzollern have no such party to lean on. Their lower officers will fight for them, it is true; but so impatient are they of a change, that they will also fight against them. The policy of the Court of Berlin is selfish in the extreme. Half a century of that policy has not been lost upon the people; it has made them selfish. The Prussian national defences, though perfect in their kind, can, under existing circumstances, only serve to intimidate. The Court of Berlin has, on the strength of them, a voice in the Council of Kings; its representatives *seem* to hold a heavy weight, which they may drop into any scale. But this is *seeming*, and seeming only. The Prussian armies, though ready to shed their blood in the real defence of their country, will be found on trial to be very backward to promote a policy, from which they can expect no good result for themselves, or to defend the throne of a king whom the natives of the Duchies of Cleve, Jülich, Berg, of Westfalia, and of Posen, consider almost as much a foreigner as the King of France. The intrigue, which, according to documents published by Louis Blanc,\* was being hatched between the Emperor of Russia and the King of France, Charles X., may appear improbable in our days; but it is not impossible. The Courts of Petersburg and Paris had almost agreed on a plan of dividing Prussia in the manner in which Poland had been divided. Russia was to have the Polish and France the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, while Austria was to come in for Silesia. A project of this kind would find the King of Prussia entirely helpless. It is a great question whether the Landwehr of those provinces would risk their lives and property in the cause of a king, who has not realized one of the hopes that were founded upon his accession to the throne. They would remember the *old* fable of the donkey and its master. But even if they would fight, they would have formidable odds against them, from their being unaccustomed to real matter-of-fact war. A peace of thirty-three years' duration has left Prussia but a few veteran officers who have actually seen a field of battle. Even they have half forgotten what they then did learn. The wars of 1813 to 1815 — the wars of *liberation*, as they were called at the time, were never great favorites with the kings of Prussia. A pledge was then given, which has since been violated. The old warriors of Leipzig and Waterloo, the men who fought under Gneisenau and Blücher, have been left to starve on miserable pensions. But few of them remain, and those few are not fit for war. Almost all other nations of Europe have

regiments and armies that have braved the dangers, and know the vicissitudes of battles. England had her Chinese and Indian wars; France had Algiers, and Russia the Balkan and the Caucasus. Prussia alone has an army that has seen no fire, that has had none but prepared bivouacs; an army, whose knowledge of dangers is confined to the casualties of a parade, and whose skill has only been tested by grand reviews. Her soldiers are men of peace; her veterans have grown hectic over the desks of village courts, or their limbs have got cramped by the hard seat of a diligence. On a fine summer's afternoon in 1843, I was a passenger in the diligence between Elberfeld and Hückeswagen. As the carriage was slowly proceeding up the mountain, at whose foot the town of Elberfeld is situated, I heard the report of small cannon from the valley below.

"What does this mean?"

"They are firing cannon," said the guard, who was sitting by my side; "it is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; the more fools they!"

He was a fine old man, with snow-white hair. He had a deep scar on his forehead; one of his arms was lame. He wore three orders on his rough blue coat.

"You have been in the wars, conducteur?"

"I have. I fought from 1807 till 1814. I was of the King's own Hussars; a fine regiment, sir! I have four wounds on my body; the last was a ball, which broke my arm."

"But you are a bad Prussian, conducteur. You say the patriots down there, are fools!"

"Damn Prussia, sir! But no! I will not curse my country! May God pardon those who make an old man curse on the very day he received his last wound! But they are fools, sir, with their firing. What has the battle of Waterloo done for them! What has it done for us, who fought in that long and cruel war? Here I am, a broken cripple; here I am in my carriage, going my stages, summer and winter, day and night; week-days and Sundays. There is no rest, no sleep, hardly any bread to eat! Could they not spare some gold from the spoils of Napoleon, to feed the invalids who rescued the Prussian crown by their blood and their limbs? Fools! fools! are they who rejoice on this day!"

The old man's face was as pale as death, and his thin body trembled with the violence of his passion. He was right; there was no food, no rest, no sleep for him! I have often thought of that Prussian veteran. Poor old man, he is now at rest! — *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.*

\* Louis Blanc: *Histoire de Dix Ans*, Vol. I.



## LOUIS PHILIPPE.

It is not a light joy, such as can express itself in vain talk, in bluster, mockery, and "tremendous cheers;" it is a stern, almost sacred joy, that the late news from Paris excite in earnest men. For a long, melancholy series of years past, there has been no event at all to excite in earnest men much other than weariness and disgust. To France least of all had we been looking, of late, for tidings that could elevate or cheer us. Nor is the present terrible occurrence properly great or joyful, as we say: it is very sad rather; sad as death, and human misery and sin;—yet with a radiance in it like that of stars; sternly beautiful, symbolic of immortality and eternity!

Sophist Guizot, Sham-King Louis Philippe, and the host of quacks, of obscene spectral nightmares under which France lay writhing, are fled. Burst are the stony jaws of that enchanted, accursed living-tomb; rent suddenly are the leaden wrappings and cerements; from amid the noisome clam and darkness of the grave, bursts forth, thunder-clad, a soul that was not dead, that cannot die! Courage; the righteous gods do still rule this earth. A divine Nemesis, hidden from the base and foolish, known always to the wise and noble, tracks unerringly the footsteps of the evil-doer; who is Nature's own enemy, and the enemy of her eternal laws, whom she cannot pardon. Him no force of policy, or most dexterous contrivance and vulpine energy and faculty, will save: into his own pit he, at last, does assuredly fall,—sometimes, as now, in the sight and to the wonder of all men.

Alas, that any king, or man, should need to have this oldest truth, older than the world itself, made new to him again, and asserted to be no fable or hearsay, but a very truth and fact, in this frightful manner! To the French nation and their kings it has been very impressively taught, under many forms, by most expensive courses of experiment, for sixty years back; and they, it appears, and we, still require new lessons upon it.

Very sad on all sides! Here is a man of much talent, of manifold experience in all provinces of life, accepting the supreme post among his fellow-men, and deliberately, with steadfast persistence, for seventeen years, attempting his high task there, not in the name of God, as we may say, but of the Enemy of God! On the *vulpine* capabilities alone had Louis Philippe any reliance;—not by appealing, with courageous energy and patience, to whatever was good and

genuine and worthy round him (which existed, too, though wide-scattered, and in modest seclusion rather than flagrant on the house-tops); not by heroic appeal to this, but by easy appeal to what was bad and false and sordid, and to that only, has he endeavoured to reign. What noble thing achieved by him, what noble man called forth into beneficent activity by him, can Louis Philippe look back upon? None. His management has been a cunningly-devised system of iniquity in all its basest shapes. Bribery has flourished; scandalous corruption, till the air was thick with it, and the hearts of men sick. Paltry rhetoricians, parliamentary tongue-fencers; mean jobbers, intriguers; every serviceablest form of human greed and low-mindedness has this "source of honor" patronised. For the poor French people, who by their blood and agony bore him to that high place, what did he accomplish? Penal repression into silence; that, and too literally nothing more. To arm the sordid cupidities of one class against the bitter unreasonable necessities of the other, and to leave it so,—he saw no other method. His position was indeed difficult; but he should have called for help from Above, not from Below!

Alas, in his wide roamings through the world,—and few have had a wider ramble than this man,—he had failed to discover the secret of the world, after all. If this universe be indeed a huge swindle? In that case, supreme swindler will mean sovereign ruler; in that case,—but not in the other! Poor Louis Philippe; his Spanish marriages had just prospered with him, to the disgust of all honorable hearts; in his Spanish marriages he felt that he had at length achieved the topstone which consolidated all, and made the Louis Philippe system (cemented by such bribery mortar, bound by such diplomatic tie-beams) a miracle of architecture, when the solid earth (impatient of such edifices) gave way, and the Eumenides rose, and all was blazing insurrection and delirium; and Louis Philippe "drove off in a brougham," or *coucou* street-cab, "through the barrier of Passy,"—towards Night and an avenging doom. *Egalité Fils*, after a long painful life-voyage, has ended no better than *Egalité Père* did. It is a tragedy equal to that of the sons of Atreus.

Louis Philippe one could pity as well as blame, were not all one's pity concentrated upon the millions who have suffered by his sins. On the French people's side, too, is it not tragical? These wild men in blouses, with their faces and

their hearts all blazing in celestial and infernal lightning, with their barricades up, and their fusils in their hands, — they are now the *grandsons* of the Bastillers of '89 and the Septemberers of '92; the fathers fought in 1830, they in 1848 are still fighting. To the third generations it has been bequeathed by the second and the first; by the third generation the immense problem, still to solve, is not deserted, is duly taken up. They also protest, with their heart's blood, against a universe of lies; and say audibly as with the voice of whirlwinds, "In the name of all the gods, we will not have it so! We will die rather; we and our sons and grandsons, as our fathers and grandfathers have done. Take thought of it, therefore, what our first transcendent *French Revolution* did mean; for your own sake and for ours, take thought, and discover it, and accomplish it, for accomplished it shall and must be, and peace or rest is not in the world till then!"

"The throne was carried out by armed men in blouses; was dragged along the streets and at last smashed into small pieces," say the Journals. Into small pieces: let it be elaborately broken, pains be taken that of it there remain nothing: — "Begone, thou wretched upholstery phantasm; descend thou to the abysses, to the cesspools, spurned of all men; thou art not the thing we required to heal us of our unbearable miseries; not thou, it must be something other

than thou!" So ends the "Throne of the Barricades;" and so it right well deserved to end. Thrones founded on iniquity, on hypocrisy, and the appeal to human baseness, cannot end otherwise.

When Napoleon, the armed Soldier of Democracy, as he has been called, — who at one time had discerned well that lies were unbelievable, that nations and persons ought to strip themselves of lies, that it was better even to go bare than "*clothed with curses*" by way of garment; — when Napoleon, drunk with more victory than he could carry, was about deserting this true faith, and attaching himself to Popes and Kaisers, and other entities of the chimerical kind; and in particular had made an immense explosion of magnificence at Notre-Dame, to celebrate his *Concordat* ("the cow-pox of religion," *la vaccine de la religion*, as he himself privately named it), he said to Augereau, the Fencing-master who had become Field-Marshal, "Is it not magnificent?" "Yes, very much so," answered Augereau: "to complete it, there wanted only some shadow of the half million men who have been shot dead to put an end to all that."

"All fictions are *now* ended," said M. Lamartine at the Hotel de Ville. May the gods grant it. Something other and better, for the French and for us, might then try, were it but afar off, to begin! — *Examiner*.

## COLLECTANEA.

### LANDOR'S DEDICATION OF HIS "HELLENICS" TO POPE PIUS IX.

Never until now, most holy father! did I hope or desire to offer my homage to any potentate on earth; and now I offer it only to the highest of them all. There was a time when the cultivators of literature were permitted and expected to bring the fruit of their labor to the Vatican. Not only was incense welcome there, but even the humblest produce of the poorest soil.

Verbenam, pueri, ponite thuraque.

If those better days are returning, without what was bad or exceptionable in them, the glory is due entirely to your holiness. You have restored to Italy hope and happiness; to the rest of the world hope only. But a single word from your prophetic lips, a single motion of your earth-embracing arm, will overturn the firmest seats of iniquity and oppression. The word must be spoken; the arm must wave. What do we see,

before us? If we take the best of rulers under our survey, we find selfishness and frivolity: if we extend the view, ingratitude, disregard of honor, contempt of honesty, breach of promises: one step yet beyond, and there is cold-blooded idiocy, stabbing the nobles at home, spurning the people everywhere, and voiding its corrosive slaver in the fair face of Italy. It is better to look no farther, else our eyes must be riveted on frozen seas of blood superfused with blood fresh flowing. The same ferocious animal leaves the impression of its broad and heavy foot on the snow of the Arctic circle and of the Caucasus. And is this indeed all that Europe has brought forth, after such long and painful throes? Has she endured her Murats, her Robespierres, her Buonapartes, for this? God inflicted on the latter of these wretches his two greatest curses: uncontrolled power and perverted intellect; and they were twisted together to make a scourge for a nation which revelled in every crime, but above all in cruelty. It was insufficient. She



is now undergoing from a weaker hand a more ignominious punishment, pursued by the derision of Europe. To save her honor, she pretended to admire the courage that decimated her children: to save her honor, she now pretends to admire the wisdom that imprisons them. Cunning is not wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength: Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions, without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him: he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence. — *Walter Savage Landor.*

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

##### SALE OF THE PEMROKE COLLECTION OF COINS.

The celebrated collection of coins universally known as the Pembroke collection (formed early in the last century by the Earl of Pembroke), has been announced for sale. It contains many very rare coins, Greek, Roman, and English, most of them in beautiful preservation. Many of these are much wanted by the British Museum, who had intended to purchase largely, and especially to obtain a splendid silver coin of Tryphon, of which but three are known.

It is however with great surprise we hear a report that the Museum trustees have declined to apply for the necessary funds to obtain these much wanted objects of art. The whole of the Continent and of English collectors will be purchasers.

Thus, for a few paltry hundred pounds, we are in danger of losing these valuable curiosities of art. It would be, upon a smaller scale, the old contemptible economy which dispersed the drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and disgraced the nation in the eyes of the connoisseurs of Europe. We have since been too willing to give for a miserable fragment of these drawings what at one time would have purchased the whole wonderful collection.

In relation to coins it is to be remembered, that it is not simply as objects of art they possess value, but as materials of history. They are indications of date, titles, places, the state of arts, the weight and purity of metal, and are indeed as necessary to the historian as the rarest contemporary records. We do trust that the trustees of the British Museum will be induced to reconsider their determination.

#### SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A HAND-BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF THE SPANISH AND FRENCH SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. By SIR EDMUND HEAD, Bart. Murray.

This very agreeable little volume is intended as a sequel to Kugler's Hand-books of Painting, from which not alone the Spanish but the French and English schools are excluded (treated so summarily, that is, as to be tantamount to exclusion). Sir Edmund Head is versed in the best book authorities, has a good personal acquaintance with the Spanish masters, and understands the art. His volume is an excellent supplement to Ford's *Hand-Book of Spain*, completing, in a very essential particular, that very masterly book. His notices of the French school are carefully compiled from good writers, though they have fewer marks of personal relish and observation in them. Sir Edmund cares as little for Watteau, it is clear, as for David; but as a historical sketch of French Art, this part of the book is striking and full of interest. Altogether we can heartily recommend Sir Edmund Head's labors to the lover, and, let us add, to the purchaser of pictures. So little progress has the practical knowledge of Spanish art made in this country hitherto, that last year at Christie's, in the height of the season, an undoubted Velasquez fetched thirteen guineas, all the dealers in London being assembled in the room! We could not give a better proof of how much such a book as this was wanted.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME: WITH "IVRY" AND "THE ARMADA." By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. New edition. Longman and Co.

We rejoice to welcome another and cheaper edition of Mr. Macaulay's spirited *Lays*. Two earlier fragments in a similar style of ballad composition, not unfamiliar to Mr. Macaulay's admirers, are also for the first time appended. They have the eager flow of verse, the animation and power of thought, the resistless grasp on the reader's fancy and attention, which distinguished the *Lays*. Both have the "sound of the trumpet." Yet it admits of doubt whether *Ivry* and *The Armada* are properly introduced here. Horatius Cocles and Henry of Navarre, though both of heroic stuff, are of somewhat incongruous texture; and the armada watch-fires would better have lighted up a new volume of more modern Lays. But we might have had long to wait for this, and so the objection is a churlish one. Very few readers will join in it, we dare say. They will accept what Mr. Macaulay gives them, and be thankful.

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## CONTENTS.

Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie, . . . . .	Fraser's Magazine, . . . . .	241
Boyd's Book of German Ballads, . . . . .	Dublin University Magazine, . . . . .	244
New Developments in Household Art, . . . . .	Douglas Jerrold's Magazine, . . . . .	252
The Art of Angling, . . . . .	North British Review, . . . . .	258
France and the Revolution of 1830, . . . . .	Telegraph, . . . . .	273
How Soldiers are Made in Prussia, . . . . .	Douglas Jerrold's Magazine, . . . . .	275
Louis Philippe, . . . . .	Examiner, . . . . .	285
COLLECTANEA.—A Warning from Egypt, . . . . .	Walker on the Metropolitan Grave-Yards, . . . . .	257
Londor's Dedication of His "Hellenics" to Pope Pius IX. . . . .	Walter Savage Landor, . . . . .	286
Literary and Scientific Intelligence,—Short Reviews and Notices, . . . . .		287
Recent Publications, . . . . .		288

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